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THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 27, 1943
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 1/6

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXV No. 2288 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC NOV. 27 1943

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Volume CLXXV No. 2288 The SPHERE, London, November 27, 1943

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE RETREATING GERMANS DESTROY THE MOUNTAIN-ROAD TO ISERNIA IN AN ATTEMPT TO DELAY THE ADVANCE OF THE EIGHTH ARMY

This road is situated near S. Elena, a few miles to the north of the town of Bojano, in Central Italy. It was blown up, in the manner shown, by German engineers before they retreated. The road winds up to the summit of a very steep hill, and it was found to be almost impossible to repair quickly. Consequently, it was closed and by-passed, and the Eighth Army made their way to the important town of Isernia by another route. With demolitions such as these carried out by the Germans, our advance through the mountainous Apennines has necessarily been slow, despite the courageous and skilful work of the Royal Engineers in repairing roads and restoring bridges. The enemy, in fact, has neglected few opportunities of holding up the advance of the Fifth and Eighth Armies across the whole width of Italy

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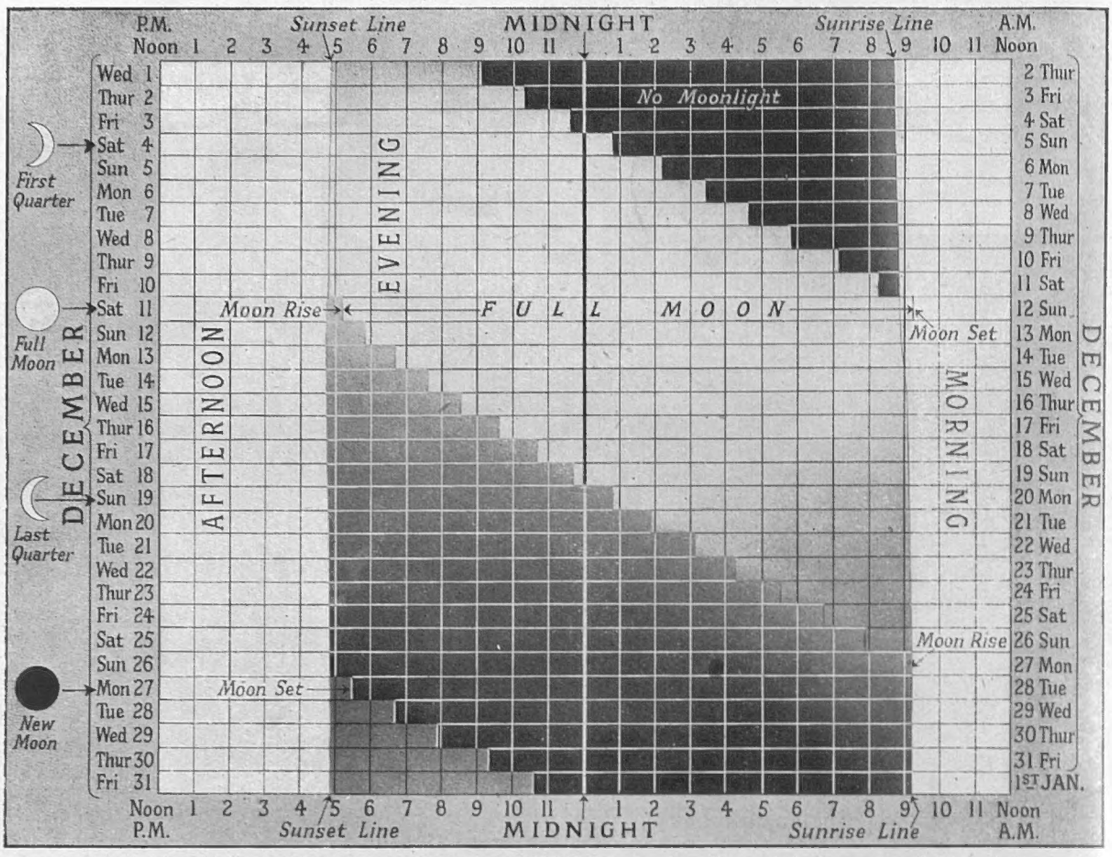
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 221

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Leros.—Set-backs are to be expected—for some months to come. We may deem ourselves very lucky if they are not bigger jolts than the loss of Leros. How big a jolt that was I do not know. I expect there will be questions asked by strategist M.P.s and some baiting of the Premier and perhaps the Generals. And then soon enough the Premier will put the fool's cap on the critics in a studied, temperate and witty speech. It has all been done before. It is time-honoured practice for democracy at war; and I, for one, shall not join in the game. For some weeks there has been an *appearance* of wobble in our policy and strategy in the Mediterranean theatre. So much may be said. The painful inch creeps slow, how slowly. (Not so slowly as it crept when we old men were in the trenches or what-not in the Somme or Flanders.) It is a new one on me that the weather in sunny Italy is a damn sight viler than in Flanders in November. But I never was in Italy in November and have no experience (to speak of) of modern war. General Maitland Wilson spoke shrewdly, as ruefully, when he bemoaned his fate as the official justifier of lost causes. But for all critics of war strategy, there's a fool's cap round the next bend. Who knows (save the War Cabinet) when the next blow is to fall, and where? Or whether General Wilson will not be in the picture now unfolding behind the projector?

G.-G. Australia.—The Duke of Gloucester's appointment as Governor-General of Australia was not unexpected. It meets the long-expressed desire of that great Dominion for a Royal Governor-General—a desire which was to have been satisfied by the late Duke of Kent. Time has wrought sad changes in our Royal House. Ten years ago it would have been easier to find among the King's sons Princes who could earn experience and dignify an important office in each of the great Dominions. To-day the King is hard put to it to find substitutes for those of his own functions which can be delegated. By next spring Canada and Australia will have Royal Governor-Generals, but there will be in England no male member of the Royal House to share the burden of ceremonial functions with his Majesty. No doubt it is the intention that Princess Elizabeth, on attaining the age of eighteen, will assume many functions appropriate to her sex, and clearly the Princess Royal is designed for more, and more important, work of this nature. But there are many ceremonial functions not appropriate for Princesses, and in the next few years the burden is likely to fall still heavier on the King. Lord Athlone is no longer young—he will be over seventy when he relinquishes his post in Canada—and, beyond these two, the supply of suitable royalties of the male sex is to seek for years to come.

THE LATE WILLIAM GRAHAM, a former Chairman of Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., who has just died at the age of eighty-three. For many years connected with *The Sphere* and its associated journals, Mr. Graham was a solicitor of high standing in the City of London for sixty years. He was a Cumberland man, a Master of the Merchant Taylors' Company and a Governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He leaves a widow and a daughter



"THE SPHERE" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER, showing the period of no moonlight and the period when the moon will be at its full

A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application

An Interesting Date.—Mid-November 1943 will be remembered in history as a turning-point in the war. Military achievements in Russia up to that time now revealed their effect on the minds of the Allies, the neutrals and the Axis group. War-thinking entered a new phase for all concerned. The conclusions of the Moscow Conference not only reproduced, but greatly stimulated and directed the new war mentality. The Allies and the enslaved began *parler européen*, and with the authority of their Governments to speak of peace also. In Britain, by order of the Prime Minister, Ministers of Departments not solely concerned with the war effort were instructed to occupy their spare time *with problems of reconstruction* and peace. It is noticeable that this order coincided with very confident pronouncements by American and British Navy leaders, and others in authority, that the U-boat menace was definitely scotched. While, therefore, there is no sort of justification for relaxing precautions or slackening effort (the heaviest task and perhaps very bitter reprisals are still ahead of us), we have authority henceforth for double-mindedness. We may begin to live in two worlds, and to think in terms of war and of peace. We were caught napping when war came. We were caught napping when the last peace came. We must not be caught napping when peace comes again. Nevertheless, double-mindedness is not an easy condition, and certainly it does not mean to be in two minds about war or peace. It means achieving two watertight compartments in one's mind, each in tense and single-minded activity. For you and me it means that we must continue to fit up our black-out shutters nightly with the same care as in 1940, but we may now take note of the crumbling plaster and torn wallpaper, and note these items down in our plans for house-redecoration. And for Hitler's satellites it means even harder thinking and redoubled double-mindedness—how, with least discomfort and danger, to quit the sinking ship. In short, for all concerned directly and indirectly, it means a lot of complicated hard thinking, and no sort of excuse for wishful thinking.

Mosley.—The case of Sir Oswald Mosley I find very disillusioning. The sheaf of heady protests against Mosley's release which have been sent to the Home Secretary indicate clearly that lack of discipline and lack of proportion are still rife in this country, and that a calm and right judgment is not yet far advanced as a national virtue. In my view, Mosley (apart from questions of ill health) might reasonably and safely have been released months back. He became a nonentity, a symbol of nothingness and futility, long ago. Unless the British Nation is a nation of hypocrites and imbeciles, a black shirt stands to-day proven as a suitable covering for a decayed scarecrow, and nothing better. The personal tragedy of Mosley is so terrible, so flagrant, that it is the height of absurdity and presumption for men to seek to improve upon God's judgment. Mosley was a youth of ability, equipped with the parts which make a successful politician and even statesman. But for the accidents of an unhappy childhood and education, not wholly due to his own defects, he might to-day have stood even where Mr. Eden stands. Yet it is not chiefly this revealed mass tendency to stamp on a man so utterly down and out which I deplore. Far more I deplore this proof that a section of the nation to-day holds so poor an opinion of British sanity and sense that it sees a danger in Mosley still, still fears lest in this sorry and ridiculous and rotting hulk of Fascism may lurk potential danger and a resurrection into popular favour. More probably, the reaction has its source in parrot cries from professional agitators. It is just "hang-the-Kaiser" claptrap.

Fortune of War and Weather.—It is long since that Mr. Churchill pronounced that our air assaults on German industry would probably not avoid the necessity for a total invasion of Europe, but that this great air campaign was *worth trying* to that end. Much has happened since that pronouncement. These air assaults have continued and increased and widened. And the Moscow Conference has examined and agreed our prepared and preparing schemes for the major land assaults. The winter war in Russia is to be no marking-time. Yet the idea that our bombing from Britain may yet avoid the hazards and fearful losses of land invasion is still in the minds of pundits. For example: "If at the same time (as the Russian winter campaign) we can fully utilise the facilities which winter gives us for bombing Berlin and Eastern Germany, the psychological strain may reach breaking-point. Much will turn on the fortune of the weather." The writer (Scrutator) remarked that only the four months November to February inclusive gave nights long enough for the purpose, and from these available nights must be deducted the nights of most moonlight, abnormally foggy or misty nights, and those of major electrical disturbance. Say 120 nights. Deduct forty around the full moons. It would not be pessimistic to expect six foggy nights a month, say twenty-five more; for snow and electrical storms, violent gales and other adverse flying conditions, say three per month, another twelve—roughly eighty of those one hundred and twenty days might prove unsuitable for our purpose. Not too much time for the job on hand. We shall need all the fortune of the weather.

THE OLD STAGER

THIS PICTURE OF THE CROSSING OF THE VOLTURNO RIVER HAS ONLY JUST REACHED ENGLAND: It supplements our previous knowledge of that operation, by showing the manner in which a dense smoke-screen was laid to mask the movements of the land forces. At the moment this picture was being taken from a reconnaissance plane flying above the battlefield, Allied troops were crossing from the bank on the right under cover of the artillery-laid screen: far away in the background, at the base of the hills, other shells are seen bursting amongst the German positions in the rear. The picture shows clearly the high banks on both sides of the Volturno, constituting quite a formidable obstacle, and the nature of the country lying beyond. As is now known, the whole operation proved a great success for the Fifth Army

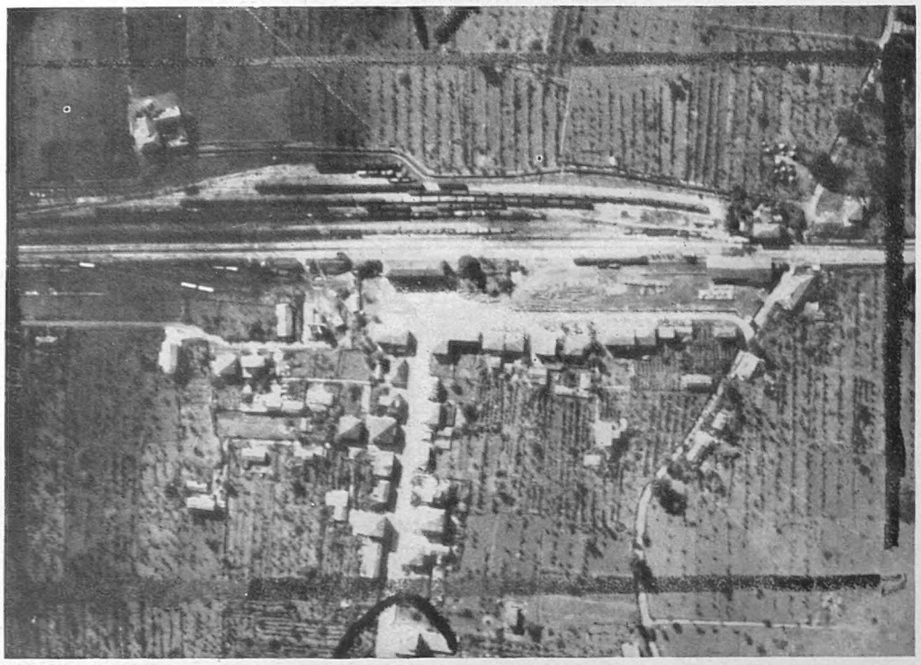
AMERICAN PARATROOPS HOLDING A ROAD IN ITALY AND LODGING IN "FOX-HOLES." These men had but recently been dropped from the air when this picture was taken: they had captured a pass during operations around the Plain of Naples and were making use of caves and cellars as "fox-holes." The Germans were shelling the road periodically, and the paratroops were only able to emerge at intervals. These airborne fighting men are schooled to make their home wherever they have a chance to find lodgement

NEW and REVEALING PICTURES from ITALY

HOW THE GERMANS TREAT THE ITALIAN PEASANTRY. When Canadian troops, hot on the trail of the retreating enemy, entered the town of Bojano, on the road from Benevento to Isernia, it was found to be almost deserted except for a few elderly people who had refused to leave. The rest of the inhabitants had taken to the surrounding hills, in an effort to find safety. During their absence, the Germans thoroughly looted the people's homes, taking with them all food and valuables. Hardly a house was left untouched by the looters. They even stole the cattle. The town had been occupied by the British for two days before the civilians began to drift back. They were poorly clothed and many of them were showing signs of distress and overwrought nerves, having had to endure heavy rains and lack of food while hiding in the hills

AROUND THE WORLD'S BATTLE FRONTS

A Series of News Pictures Just Received, Showing the Progress of the War on the Allied Fronts and in Germany

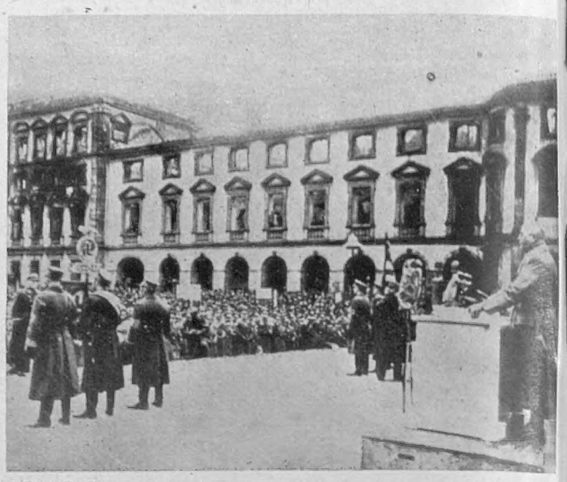


ITALY: 1. BRITISH FIGHTER-BOMBERS WRECK A GERMAN AMMUNITION TRAIN IN ITALY. The village of Roccasecca, with its railway station and sidings packed with supply wagons, before the fighter-bombers came over—now see picture below

2. ALL THAT REMAINED OF ROCCASECCA, its station and the German ammunition trains, after the British fighter-bombers had left with their mission accomplished

An R.A.F. reconnaissance aircraft, flying over the stretch of railway between Cassino and Rome, photographed the station at Roccasecca. The sidings were packed with trucks, bearing supplies for the German forces. Fighter-bombers crews were briefed, headed for Roccasecca, planted their bombs accurately among the lines of wagons, returned to base and reported terrific explosions. An R.A.F. reconnaissance aircraft went out to photograph the target. This time, there was practically no Roccasecca and no railway station left to photograph. Of the station and sidings, all that remained were long, deep craters

LONDON: PROTESTS AGAINST THE RELEASE OF SIR OSWALD MOSLEY. Mr. Herbert Morrison's action in releasing the ex-Fascist Leader from Holloway Prison has caused an outburst of popular indignation. In many London streets, canvassers invited passers-by to sign petitions of protest; and posters were prominently displayed bearing the legend, "Keep Hitler's friend Mosley in gaol"



GERMANY: DR. LEY ADDRESSES THE PEOPLE OF MANNHEIM and tries to raise their morale with a "pep" talk

THE GLUM-LOOKING CROWD which listened to Dr. Ley outside the bomb-damaged Castle at Mannheim: The spirit of the German people is slowly breaking under the continued weight of Allied bombing. After the recent bombing of Mannheim, Dr. Ley visited the city and addressed a meeting of 30,000 people outside the Castle, which had been damaged by bombs. His "pep" talk failed to impress the crowd, which listened with expressionless, glum faces, without a cheer. Here and there in the crowd appeared a banner, among them one which told the people: "In these hard times our faith is in the Führer." But the banners were few

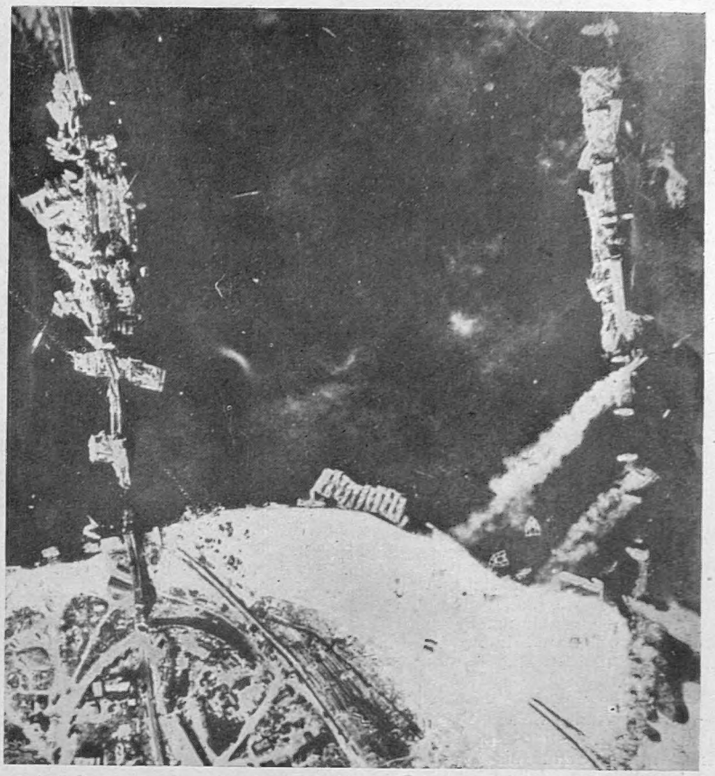
BERLIN: THIS BLOCK-BUSTER FELL ON BERLIN. When this picture was taken, it was being loaded into the bomb-bay of a Lancaster which took part in the recent big raid on the German capital. Three hundred and fifty 4,000-pdrs.—amongst others—were rained down on Berlin on this occasion

GERMANY: REICHS MARSHAL HERMANN GÖRING makes a tour of Western Germany for the purpose of inspecting the air defences. At the same time he was able to see for himself some of the damage wrought by recent R.A.F. raids. At the moment this picture was taken the Chief of the "Luftwaffe" was passing a ruined building, knocked out by Allied bombs

CANADA: A COMPLETE CANADIAN AIR UNIT CROSSES THE ATLANTIC. The first R.C.A.F. unit to cross the Atlantic complete in personnel and operational training and ready for battle has arrived in the United Kingdom from Canada. This is the "Wildcat" Fighter Squadron, which has chalked up thousands of operational hours on Arctic patrols and off the East Coast of Canada. The Squadron flew 4,000 miles from its former base in Alaska fourteen months ago, being the first unit to fly from coast to coast. With the Squadron were Australians, New Zealanders, R.A.F., and R.C.A.F. air and ground crews from the flying schools of Canada. Above, a group of the pilots are seen after two years' service in the Alaskan skies. They were welcomed by Air Commodore T. E. B. Howe, reception officer for the British Air Ministry. To his left is the Squadron's youthful Commanding Officer, Squad.-Leader Frank Grant, of Montreal, with his adjutant

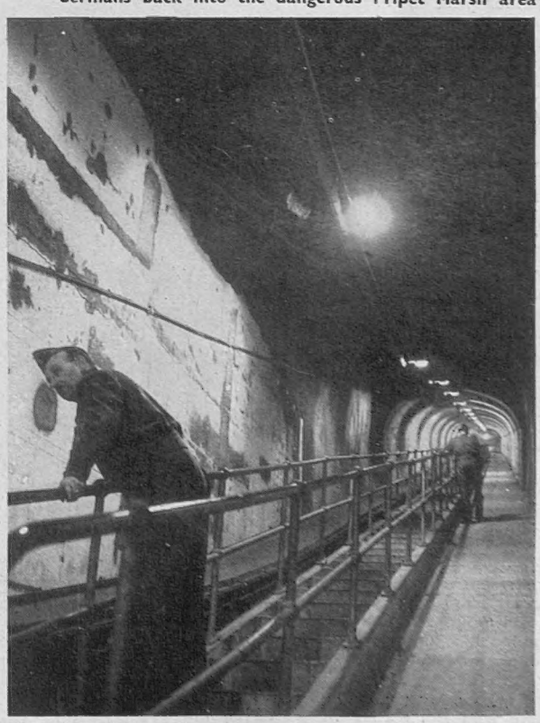
ENGLAND: A HUGE UNDERGROUND AMMUNITION DEPOT IN THE SOUTHERN COMMAND. The storage bays for shells in the completed section

There is an underground ammunition depot somewhere in England which has been described as an "underground town." Work was started on the depot in 1936 and has steadily progressed, and is now nearing completion. A number of technical problems have had to be overcome during the construction of the depot and in some instances special tools and methods had to be devised. The depot has its own railway siding, and lorries supply it with ammunition, which is moved into the depot by conveyor belts



RUSSIA: THE DESTRUCTION OF THE DNIEPER BRIDGES. A picture taken near Kremenchug showing the bridges across the river destroyed by the retreating Germans. The demolitions were claimed by the enemy to be complete and absolute—but the Russians have nevertheless crossed the river successfully

RUSSIA: GENERAL VATUTIN, Commander of the Red Forces which liberated the city of Kiev, at a forward observation post. His men are now pushing the Germans back into the dangerous Pripet Marsh area



LEADING FROM THE SURFACE TO THE DEPOT is a slope shaft. It is 400 ft. long and runs right into the underground town

BRITAIN and the FUTURE PRESIDENT of FRANCE

What the French are Saying about the Lebanon; and General de Gaulle's Attitude Towards Ourselves

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IN all likelihood the Lebanon flare-up will have been damped down by the time this article appears in print. But it will have left a state of affairs more potentially injurious and lasting than any menace that may have existed to the security of General Wilson's Ninth Army. I refer to the the outbreak of bitterness in France's respect which the episode evoked in the Press here. Yet, when the Fighting French left for Algiers, I recollect one of their leading spokesmen thanking the British Press for its warm and generous support.

What has happened? It scarcely meets the case to trumpet that the sole cause is that the French went off the deep end. The journalist's job should be, more than ever these days, that of putting both sides. So here goes.

I can testify that as early as the autumn of 1941 the Free French were uneasy about what might lie behind the Spears Mission to Beyrout—where, in passing, the French were by a long way the pioneer westerners, dating back, I believe, to the thirteenth century. Since the British part-occupied Syria and Lebanon the surface situation remained calm, thanks to soldiers getting along. Yet there is a French assertion that all the time British influences were operating out of sight, while simultaneously we ingratiated ourselves with the population by special food distribution and industrial development, though the latter was outside our province as temporary wartime occupants.

Further, that we inspired the holding of the recent elections, which were "rotten," and this *The Times* correspondent partially bears out ("Votes were openly bought and sold; the phenomenon of a dead man casting his vote was nothing unusual"). A livelier criticism has it that we prompted the Lebanese into refusing a treaty with France in return for the latter's speedier modification of the Mandate into a high degree of local independence, although this was the exact method by which we ourselves exchanged the Mandate in Irak for an alliance.

Some French put it bluntly. They aver that we want to obtain a camouflaged hold over rich and strategic Syria and Lebanon, and that the recent hullabaloo was a put-up job. If the British were faced by a similar revolt from a Mandate in wartime they would not show weakness. Our aim, according to our critics—some of whom I cannot help thinking have been victims of pro-Axis agencies—our aim is to lure Lebanese Christians and Moslems away from the French Mandate by subtly suggesting the real independence which would ensue for them if they linked with a Near East world under British care.

Finally, the French point out that any jockeying of France out of the Levant at this juncture would weaken resistance in France and strengthen Vichy, since the Liberation movement that began by losing hold of a part of Overseas France would necessarily suffer.

Some substance appears to be given to the main French contention by the following passage from *The Times* correspondent: "We have learned that the countries of the Levant, especially the Lebanon, are among the most vital areas of all. They not only lie across our communications to the east, but it has become clear enough that a strong force of enemy bombers established in the mountain strongholds between the ranges of Lebanon and anti-Lebanon, with all their possibilities of fortification, would command at once the Suez Canal, the oilfields of Kirkuk, and the pipelines. . . . For Britain, as it was put to me, it is no longer merely a matter of painting the map red, but of drawing red lines round vulnerable areas along our Empire communications."

Pursuing this to its logical conclusion, it would be some job pushing everybody beyond bombing reach of our communications, but what should cause our strident Francophobes to reflect is that we should risk antagonising France, above all, in pursuit of more Empire red lines. The spectacle of the two Empires harmoniously side by side used to mean so much to each. Indeed, if we and the French cannot "click" in imperial matters, you may be dead certain we shall not be able to "click" with others who think that we have too much of the world as it is

And if "misgivings are heard (again *The Times*) that the French may attempt to restore their position in the Lebanon with Russian support," then a sure way to push the French in that direction is to spout as a bunch of our leader-writers have recently done, for, make no mistake about it, the Russians and the French intend to pull together. A more restful tactic for this country might be to seek an extension of the Anglo-Russian Alliance into an Anglo-Franco-Russian one. This brings into the spotlight the whole subject of our future relations with France—with the France of President de Gaulle, who, if he lives, is now certain of having the refusal of that elevation. Many weeks ago I wrote that, having put de Gaulle in the saddle, we should be fools to make an enemy of him, and that I repeat. We may not have so many friends to pick and choose from—in at least one major case it looks like being a non-stop Blondin affair. Yet with will and tact on our part, we can be better viewed in France than any *Anglais* of history. The French fully realise that the Battle of Britain saved them as well as us; they are immensely grateful for "Ici Londres," and for our little less than creation of General de Gaulle; and you see the sequel in the way French people mother R.A.F. graves and risk so much to help our escaping prisoners.

Just what do we wish our relationship with France to be? Do we wish a new and intimate journeying alongside her? Mr. Churchill obviously does. Did he not say at Quebec: "For forty years or more I have believed in the greatness and virtue of France. . . . Up to now we have stood by the agreement (the *Entente* of 1904), and will stand by it with unswerving faithfulness." But one has only to cock an ear to appreciate that Mr. Churchill's respect for France and personal affection for her are not common sentiments. Not only is there an eagerness to recount tales to France's detriment, but such phrases as "France let us down"; "we want somebody we can trust"; "anyway, France is a back number" have become stock language. From what I know from a lifetime in France, I should very much doubt this last, but it will be more useful to quote Ilya Ehrenburg, who speaks for the Kremlin:

"The French people are not Philippe Pétain: they want to live. They have shown this in their three years of tragic struggle. By Toulon, Savoy and Corsica. A new, strong France is taking shape in the darkness of Hitlerite captivity. . . . After all this, can one speak of "the degeneration of France," and look upon her as a child who needs a governess, or a bankrupt who has to be placed in charge of a ward? This great people has a right to a corresponding place in the world. All attempts to remove it or to place it in the back rows will lead to discord and chaos.

"All peoples are interested in the existence of a strong and independent France. During the last three years we have been conscious of a poignant emptiness, a gap—it is the absence of France. . . . The friendship between Russia and France was not an historical accident. Two great nations had need of each other. . . . The National Committee has been able to rally France behind it. The Soviet Government defined its attitude to the big Allied Powers in the text of the recognition of the National Committee."

As for the French, they have made up their minds that each time they were without a strong supporter in the East—in 1815, 1870 and 1940—they came to grief. Nor is it only the Left in France that reasons this way: all oncoming France will join in reaching out to Russia, and an eventual growth of this may appear in a vast Slav-Latin *rapprochement* on the Continent, three-fifths of whose total population belong to one or other of the two groups.

To begin with, it is a foregone conclusion that Russia will press for the admission of France on an equality on the European Commission, and, proportionately, in the occupation of Germany, the arrival of General Giraud's army at Metz supporting matters.

It seems to me, therefore, that it will be in England's interest to go about rebuilding cordial relations with France rather than to fertilise causes and manifestations of friction. Who wants to begin the next phase with 400 miles of doubt, suspicion or animosity on the other side of the Channel? The going will be difficult enough without promoting additional hurdles, for, as Mr. Harold Nicholson has said, the lack of harmony between the two nations is profound and ancient, but on top of this we shall need to cope with a country deeply sensitive in downfall. The very motto of the Gaulleists, *Pur et Dur*, is a political foreshadowing.

If we wish a successor to the *Entente*, and I feel sure most of the French do *quand même*, the best way to go about things is to speak and write plainly, to the end that the two peoples may themselves judge how necessary each is to the other. Legacies of this war will encumber the scene, but that should only spur each of us to straighten matters out, make allowances, to scotch lies and libels, to keep prejudices within bounds, and to remedy ignorance. None of these things did we do after 1919, and the lamentable drifting apart set in, whose dire consequences we know.

If France and England cannot sail together in the Mediterranean instead of caterwauling about one tiny coastal strip, however strategic, then it is surely a poor outlook for pulling together, in general? Fortunately, quite a few Britons who will return to Paris as correspondents intend to try to clear the air, as between the two peoples, not to darken it. They realise that the national safeties and greatnesses of the two countries are interdependent; that their political aims and ideals are fundamentally the same, being founded on the importance of the individual; and that, economically and fiscally, both countries must revise in order to co-operate better

GENERAL DE GAULLE AT THE ARMISTICE DAY PARADE IN ALGIERS. This is the man of whom Mr. Tuohy says that he "is now certain of having the refusal" of elevation to the Presidency of France after the war. This picture was taken on November 11, during the Address which the General delivered at the end of the Algiers celebrations

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR ARTHUR HARRIS AND PRINCIPAL MEMBERS OF HIS STAFF study maps and reconnaissance photographs before planning a fresh attack on the enemy

PLANNING A BOMBER RAID

The C.-in-C. Gets Down to Details for Another Heavy Attack on Germany

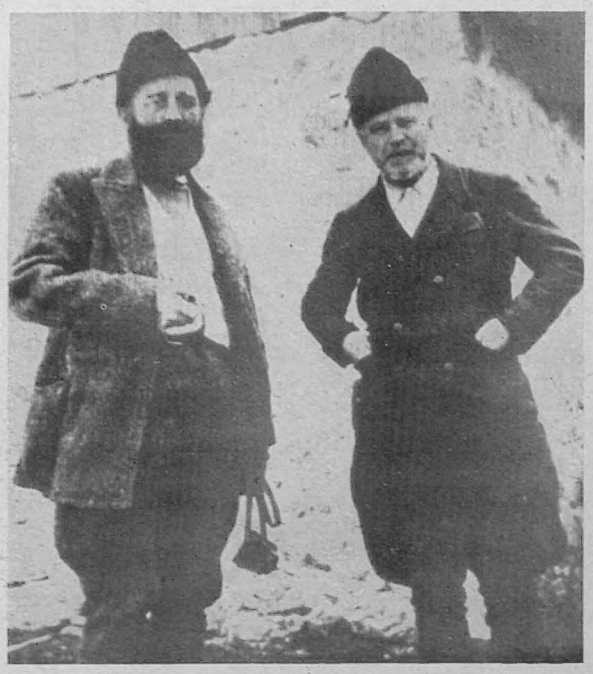
Perfect co-operation, organisation and understanding are needed if a large-scale attack by Bomber Command, R.A.F., is to be a success. From the Commander-in-Chief and his Staff, down to the last rear gunner of an aircraft, it is essential that all should be aware of their exact role in the complex scheme which alone makes a big operation possible. Long before the crews are briefed, an enormous amount of detailed organisation has been carried out; close study has been made of intelligence reports, and photographs carefully considered. On the Commander-in-Chief falls the responsibility for making the final choice of the target—under direction, of course, from the War Cabinet. Once the order has gone forth, the whole complex machinery is set in motion, from Headquarters right down to the farthest Bomber Station. Aircraft are bombed up, crews warned and briefed, the whole station comes to life . . . until the aircraft taking part are actually air-borne—or until the whole operation is "scrubbed" owing to adverse weather conditions.

ORDERS BEING PASSED ON TO A BASE from which three stations are controlled

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE COMING RAID HAVE BEEN PASSED TO GROUP HEADQUARTERS: Air Vice-Marshal C. R. Carr, in command of a Group of Bomber Command (in centre), is issuing instructions in the Operations Room. On his left is his Senior Air Staff Officer (Commodore W. A. D. Brook): a naval liaison officer, who superintends mine-laying operations, is also present. On the rostrum behind are Operations and Flying Control officers

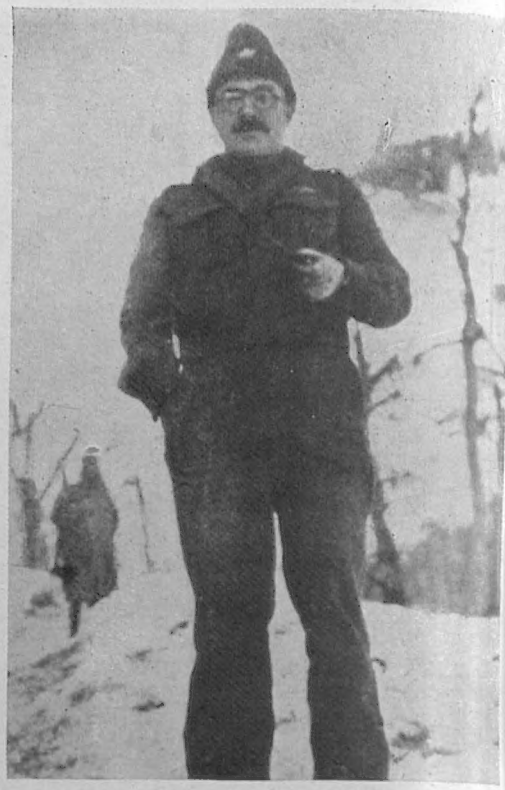
THE CHETNIK LEADERS OF YUGOSLAVIA

And New Pictures of the Recent Russian Advances on the Eastern Front



GENERAL DRAJA MIKHAILOVITCH (on left), leader of the Chetnik forces fighting the Nazis in Yugoslavia; with him is his closest collaborator, Colonel (and lawyer) Dragisha Vasich, former editor of the anti-German newspaper, "Skpski Glas"

A VENERABLE WARRIOR, NOVAKOVIC, who was also a Chetnik fighter in World War No. I. On the lapel of his inner jacket he wears the Serbian Medal of Honour of Kara-Georg, given him for his 1914-18 exploits



COLONEL BELI, chief of the British Military Mission to the Chetniks. Although he wears a British uniform, Colonel Beli wears the Chetnik insignia on his cap. He and his aide, Major Marko, speak perfect Serbian

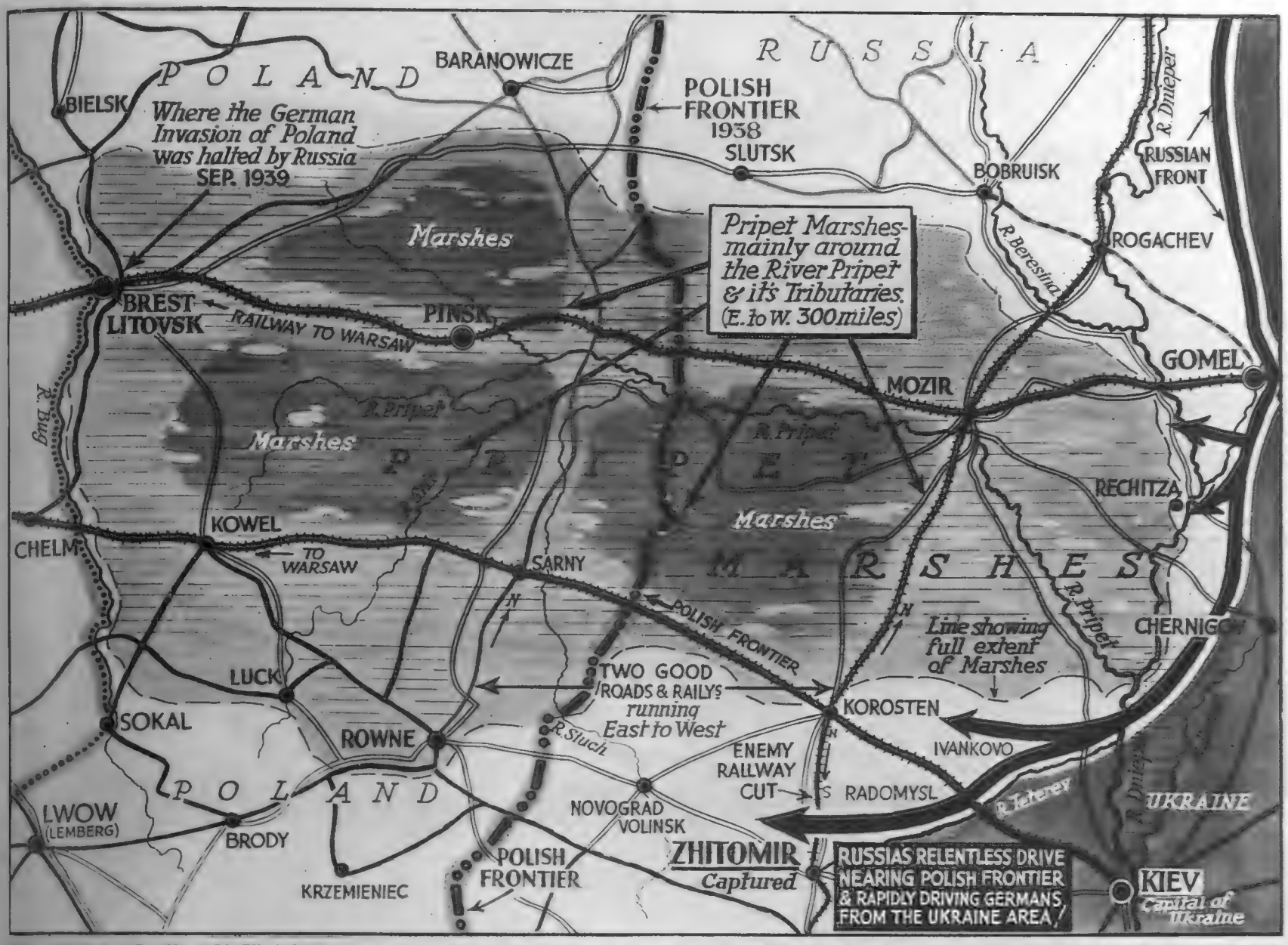
MAJOR ZARIJA OSTOJICH, of General Mikhailovitch's General Staff, at his desk in a Yugoslav forest. He was flown to the Chetnik Headquarters by plane from Cairo and dropped by parachute

AFTER THE CHETNIK GUERILLA ARMY HAD LIBERATED A YUGOSLAV TOWN, Major Petar Bachovich, Voivoda Chief of the East Bosnian Army, addresses the inhabitants. Other Chetnik soldiers are seen in the background

The pictures reproduced above have just reached this country from America: they were sent by radio from Berne, Switzerland, and they show the leaders of the movement in Yugoslavia against the occupying forces in that country. For many long months now the Chetniks have been carrying out guerilla warfare against the Nazis: more recently they have been joined by the "Partisans," another (and probably more numerous) body of patriots striving to rid their country of the hated invader. It has been announced that British supplies have been reaching the Chetniks in some quantity and that British officers have been co-ordinating the forces engaged in the struggle. The results are now known to all. Strong German forces have been pinned down in Yugoslavia: despite these, sabotage has been carried out on railways, roads and in factories. In some districts, the forces of resistance (stated to be 140,000 strong) have occupied whole areas and fought pitched battles with their enemies. The Germans have been powerless to crush their skilled guerilla opponents, so ably led by native and Allied officers

IN RUSSIA, Soviet peasants returning to their homes after their village had been liberated by the Red Army—a scene now being enacted all along the length of the Eastern Front

AFTER MONTHS OF HIDING FROM THE NAZI INVADERS, the Russian peasantry are now flocking back to their villages to begin the work of reconstruction. In many cases, only a few of their former possessions remain to them



THE REGION OF THE PRIPET MARSHES INTO WHICH THE GERMAN FORCES HAVE NOW BEEN DRIVEN BY THE RUSSIANS as the result of the advance of the Red Army in the direction of Zhitomir and Korosten—a special map which shows the area and nature of this very distinctive part of the frontier

During the war of 1914-18, the Pripet Marshes figured largely in the news from the Eastern Front. It is more than likely that, very shortly, this region will again be brought to public attention. General Vatutin, the Russian Commander, by his operations in the Korosten area, has driven thousands of German troops into the marshes, where a major disaster may await them unless they prove to be skilled in the art of fighting amongst the bogs for which this region is notorious. The marshes lie on the 1938 Polish-Russian frontier, west of the River Dnieper, north-west of Kiev and 250 miles south-west of Smolensk: the region is traversed by the Pripet River, which runs roughly from west to east. There are 9,000 square miles of marshland, which is, however, firmer than many English people appreciate. The marshes proper, in fact, extend from four to twelve miles on each side of the Pripet: in winter they usually freeze hard; even in the spring the marshes can usually be crossed by wading. None the less—despite the roads and railways which traverse the region—they present a formidable obstacle to the deployment of troops. During the coming operations, the marshes will serve to protect the right flank of the Red armies operating in the Dnieper Bend and will definitely hamper the Germans being pushed towards the north-west and north—in other words, the German armies on the Russian front may now be regarded as cut in two

A PICTURE OF AN EVENT WHICH MADE HISTORY IN THE WAR IN RUSSIA—the crossing of the Dnieper by the Red Army in pursuit of the fleeing Nazis

When the history of the war is written, a special chapter will be devoted to the historic moment photographically recorded here. This is the crossing of the Dnieper River from the east to the west bank in the pursuit of the Germans by the advancing Red Army. The Nazis had hoped for a respite against their attackers on the high bank of the river. Three crossings were at once launched by the Russians, however: they used rafts, small boats and even swam over; later, they used pontoon-bridges captured from the Germans in other localities. The particular crossing seen in this picture was made at the widest part of the Dnieper. Artillery is being loaded on to small rafts: farther up the river other attack groups are crossing. Within a few days the bridgeheads had been so enlarged that crossings were made in absolute safety out of range of the German artillery

THE "HANDMAIDEN OF THE NAVY" PERFORMING ONE OF HER MANY WARTIME TASKS. A LIGHTNING CLASS DESTROYER, RETURNING FROM PATROL DUTY, VISITS A LONELY LIGHTHOUSE TO CARRY SUPPLIES TO THE CREW ON THE TINY ISLET. This can be very tricky work for the destroyer's small boat as it approaches the landing-steps in a heavy sea—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

Ever since the *Havock* and the *Hornet* were launched in 1893—the first of a long and gallant line of British destroyers—this type of naval vessel has been the busiest of all in the Fleet. The modern destroyer has to be ready at any moment to take on any ordinary, or very adventurous, task which may be allotted to it. It may be just a routine task of convoying certain ships in safe—or nearly safe—waters: or it may have to take part in some daring little amphibious operation of which nothing is heard by the general public. The casualties among destroyers give an indication of the constant risks which this type of vessel has to accept as its daily lot. And yet who would not be in command of a destroyer and her stout-hearted crew? Mr. Dawson, in the drawing above, shows a destroyer, returning from patrol duty, slowing down off a lighthouse, which is in need of medicine for one of its staff. The destroyer has responded to the call, as the weather in this case permits of the approach to the rock-hewn landing-steps. Mr. Dawson recalls how, in the last war, destroyers used to visit the lightkeepers when occasion served and make them a present of newspapers which, if not of yesterday's date, were nevertheless very welcome gifts. "We did not forget the lightships," says Mr. Dawson. "They often have a particularly lonely time of it." The Lightning class destroyer shown here represents a warship of very modern class, heavier than any of her predecessors—1,920 tons. Her general appearance is indicated by a single funnel and a light tripod mast. A closer inspection shows that she is more heavily armed than any of the earlier types of destroyer. She carries six 4·7-in. guns, four forward and two aft. The forward turrets are very up to date in form. The Lightnings also carry eight 21-in. torpedo-tubes

A BRIGHTLY CAMOUFLAGED "LITTLE SHIP": H.M.S. "Kite," a 1,250-ton sloop of the modified Black Swan class

For many scores of years there have been "sloops" in the Royal Navy: the term originally implied a vessel of war which was rigged as a ship, brig or schooner and which mounted between eighteen and thirty-two guns; to-day, a sloop is any war vessel larger than a gunboat and carrying guns on one deck only. This war has seen a great increase in the number of such vessels employed in the British Navy, where they carry out escort and other valuable duties. The Black Swan class, of which H.M.S. *Kite* is an example, are ships of 1,250 tons, with a speed of just over 19 knots. They are armed with six 4-in. anti-aircraft guns and ten smaller weapons. The complement of such a vessel—small as it is—would be over 100

SHIPS of the ROYAL NAVY—Some New Pictures of Different Types Now Serving in Many Theatres of War

WRENS ON SERVICE ABROAD ARE NOW SERVING AS "BOARDING OFFICERS": Women are now doing yet another job which was previously done by men. They act as "Boarding Officers," going on board merchant ships at anchor in harbour with confidential books and sailing orders. Here an officer of the W.R.N.S. is seen on the bridge of a vessel in Algiers Harbour just before sailing-time: with her is Captain Robert Sweetser, who commands the Liberty ship *Edward P. Castigan*

THE BRITISH MONITOR "ROBERTS," A HIGHLY SPECIALISED TYPE OF NAVAL VESSEL which has played a large part in the Mediterranean theatre of war, knocking out enemy batteries, smashing road and rail communications and supporting Commando landings by night. These vessels are specially designed to attack land objectives

The first vessel of this type was used in the American Civil War: its name was *Monitor*, which has since been applied to all similar ships. In the last war, they were used off the Belgian coast and elsewhere for bombarding positions on land; and in this war, too—especially in the Mediterranean and Italy—similar work has been carried out by these strange craft. In general, monitors are of shallow draught, light speed and low freeboard: as speed is of so little importance, they are usually heavily "blistered" so that torpedo damage can be minimised. A typical British ship of this type would be of about 7,000 tons, and it would carry a complement of some 300. The principal weapons would be 15-in. guns (two only would be carried): these would be high-angle weapons capable of ranging up to 40,000 yards, or eighteen miles. Monitors are usually very heavily armoured, with all the important parts sheathed in thick steel: modern specimens are also freely armed with anti-aircraft guns, in addition to the two main long-distance guns. Some vessels have an additional bow rudder fitted under the forefoot

RECEIVING AUXILIARY TANKS AT AN AMERICAN STATION IN BRITAIN: These will later be fitted to a Lightning fighter to increase its range when escorting bombers over enemy-occupied territory

THE SPECIAL TANKS ARE STREAMLINED, OF GOOD CAPACITY and are made of the thinnest steel or of specially prepared paper. When their contents are exhausted, they are jettisoned by the pilot

HOW THE TANK IS FITTED beneath the fuselage of a Thunderbolt fighter, showing the small clearance between it and the ground when in position

A LIGHTNING FIGHTER FUELS UP in preparation for an operational flight. Both auxiliary tanks are in position below the wings: As recently reported, both Thunderbolt and Lightning fighters are now accompanying the American bombers on their sorties by daylight over Germany and the occupied territories. This has only been made possible by fitting to both these fighter types the special auxiliary petrol-tanks shown in the pictures reproduced here. Made of very thin steel or of paper, these tanks are very light, but they provide the necessary fuel capacity to make long trips possible. After the contents of the tanks have been exhausted, the pilot pulls a lever and jettisons them. The extra weight makes little difference to the speed of the aircraft, but manœuvrability in a dog-fight is somewhat affected whilst the tanks are still in position

THE WAR IN THE AIR

More About the Long-range Auxiliary Tanks for Fighters; and Other Aspects of Operational Flying

—With Special Sphere *Drawings*

On right—

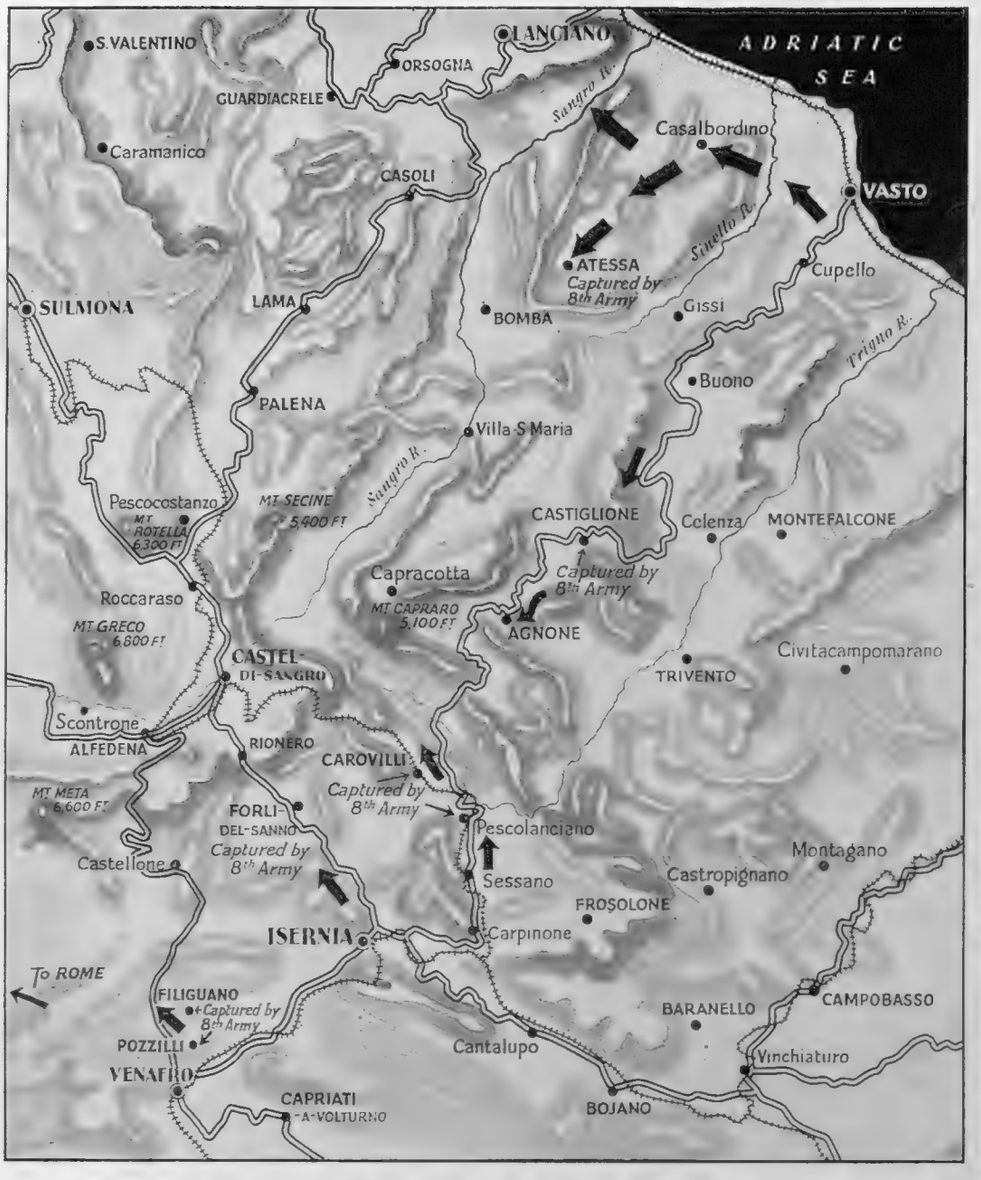
In some aircraft, paratroops leave the troop-carrying plane through a special opening in the floor. In this case, however, the exit was made through a big door in the side. The drawing by Mr. Davies has been prepared from a recently published description by a soldier who jumped from an aircraft piloted by an American. "It's a weird game sitting huddled together in a plane in the dark," he said. "After nearly half an hour, the order came to stand up. All eyes were turned on that place where we knew the wicked red light would appear." Apparently, the departure from the aircraft is controlled by the pilot, who alone knows with precision when the target has been reached: he then presses a button which gives the red light for readiness. When the green light takes its place, the moment for departure has arrived. The door through which the paratroops jump is quite large and the men can walk, or jump, out at their full height. As the plane rolls, some of the troops are shot forth, to fall clear of the tail and descend towards the target: sometimes their departure is so rapid that one man almost touches the parachute of the man who has gone before. As no cable, or "static line," is indicated in this drawing, it is to be presumed that the aircraft is at such a height as to allow for the parachutes to open safely before the men near the ground

A PARACHUTE JUMP BY MOONLIGHT: The troops leave through a big door in the side of the fuselage after red and green lights—operated by the pilot when over the target—have warned them of the exact moment for departure—*Drawing by Roland Davies* (see *notes at left*)

ONE OF GERMANY'S NEWEST FIGHTER-BOMBERS FALLS A VICTIM TO A BRITISH MOSQUITO during a recent Nazi night raid over this country: The Me.410 is here seen being shot down in bright moonlight at a range of 200 yards—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The new Messerschmitt 410 is Germany's newest twin-engined fighter-bomber: it has been used in the recent series of raids over this country where the enemy hoped that its great speed would enable it to escape interception by our night fighters. Sir Archibald Sinclair has described the Me.410, as comparable to our own Mosquito: and it was a Mosquito which brought the raider down. Our own aircraft is most versatile and performs a number of duties, to which may now be added that of night fighter. The pilot, a squadron-leader who had already bagged a number of enemy raiders, caught sight of the Me. in bright moonlight about half a mile away: he closed to 200 yards before opening fire. He hit it the first time and then, as he closed again, fired once more. By now the Me. was on fire and burning pieces of it flew back past the Mosquito before it finally dived into the ground. It was one of three enemy raiders destroyed out of less than a dozen which crossed the coast on this particular occasion

VERY OLD AND VERY NEW IN EGYPT: A span of over 5,000 years is represented in this picture. The aeroplane is one of the big carriers used by the U.S. Army Air Transport Command: it is one of an unprecedented fleet now flying urgent war supplies from America, across the Atlantic and the whole continent of Africa, to the strategic battle zones of the Middle East. The Pyramids above which it is soaring are amongst the oldest monuments in the world: they were built in 3500 B.C., and each is more than 450 ft. in height. The desert in the background sweeps for more than 1,000 miles across North Africa



FIGHTING in the HILLS

The Campaign of the Fifth and Eighth Armies, and the Geographical Problems with which They are Faced

—Special Sphere drawings and maps

THE MOUNTAIN MASSES WHICH CONFRONT THE ALLIES IN ITALY AT THE "BARBARA LINE." This is a difficult region where the main roads skirt the more difficult massifs, and only second- or third-class roads attempt to penetrate the mountains. In some regions there are no roads at all

As the Allies wormed their way along roads running with water—the Fifth Army, after its capture of Isernia; and the Eighth, after its penetration into the Castiglione area—they found themselves becoming involved in a battle area as unlike the conditions of the Libyan campaign as could possibly be imagined. Instead of wide open stretches, over which the eye could range for mile after mile, there ensued a series of roads which threaded their way through a group of hill and mountain masses. These may have been useful enough in peacetime, but under war conditions they presented a very different problem. The main roads from the Adriatic coast lead in nearly every case in a south-westerly direction—i.e., across the north of the leg of Italy. They twist and turn as the convolutions of the hills dictate; but these turns are nothing compared with the eccentricities of the "provincial" roads which link villages and small towns with the main road. These have to be seen to be believed. Between the Vasto-Carpinone-Isernia road and the Isernia-Lanciano road is a huge mass of hills with no lateral links. Above Scontrone is another enclosed mass; and the road to Sulmona flanks an area of towering peaks reaching 8,000 ft. rapid Sangro River at the foot of lofty mountains, they lead only to greater military difficulties, peaks and defiles, corkscrews and high gradients, likely snowstorms and floodings all the way till the lateral road is reached at Popoli and Pescina, after which conditions remain much the same down to Tivoli, on the edge of the Roman plain.

If, however, we do want to reach Rome quickly, and do not mind leaving some Germans and the Eighth Army behind, it is only a matter of eighty-three miles from Cassino on the road some twenty miles inland from the west coast. And this is an easy road. From Cassino, together with the main railway, it follows the valley of the Garigliano River to Frosinone. The country is rarely flat, but seldom rough in the Abruzzi sense.

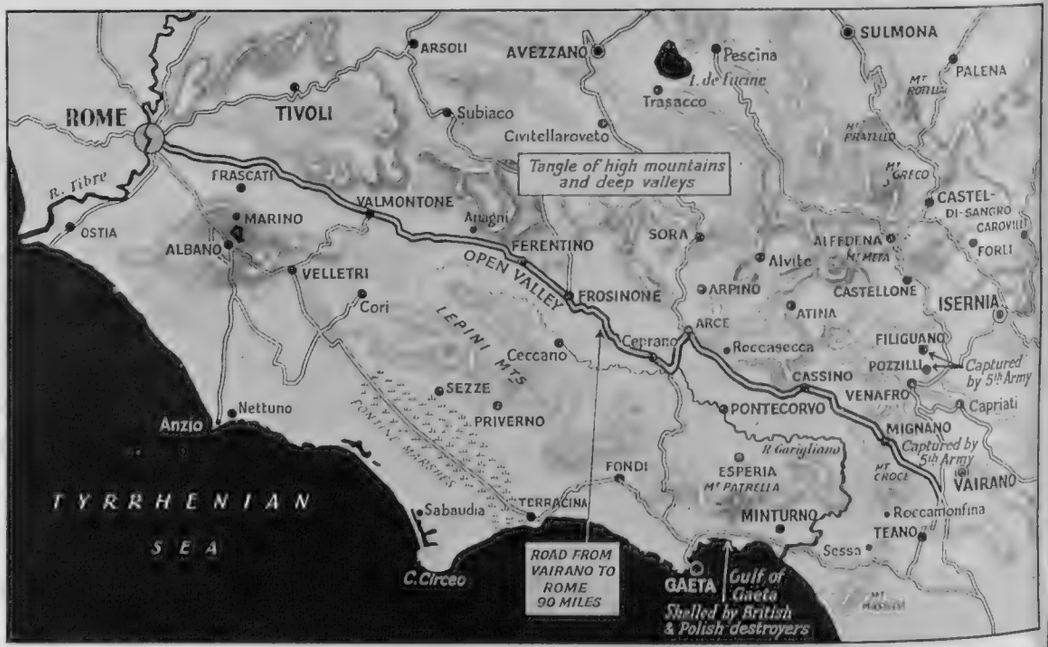
THE ROADS TO ROME: Why Alexander has been Fighting in the Mountains

Some surprise has been expressed at the mountainous routes taken by our armies in Italy. It might seem they could not have chosen a more difficult method of procedure, especially with the approach of winter. If Rome is the major objective of this campaign, why have not Alexander's men concentrated on the shortest and most convenient road?

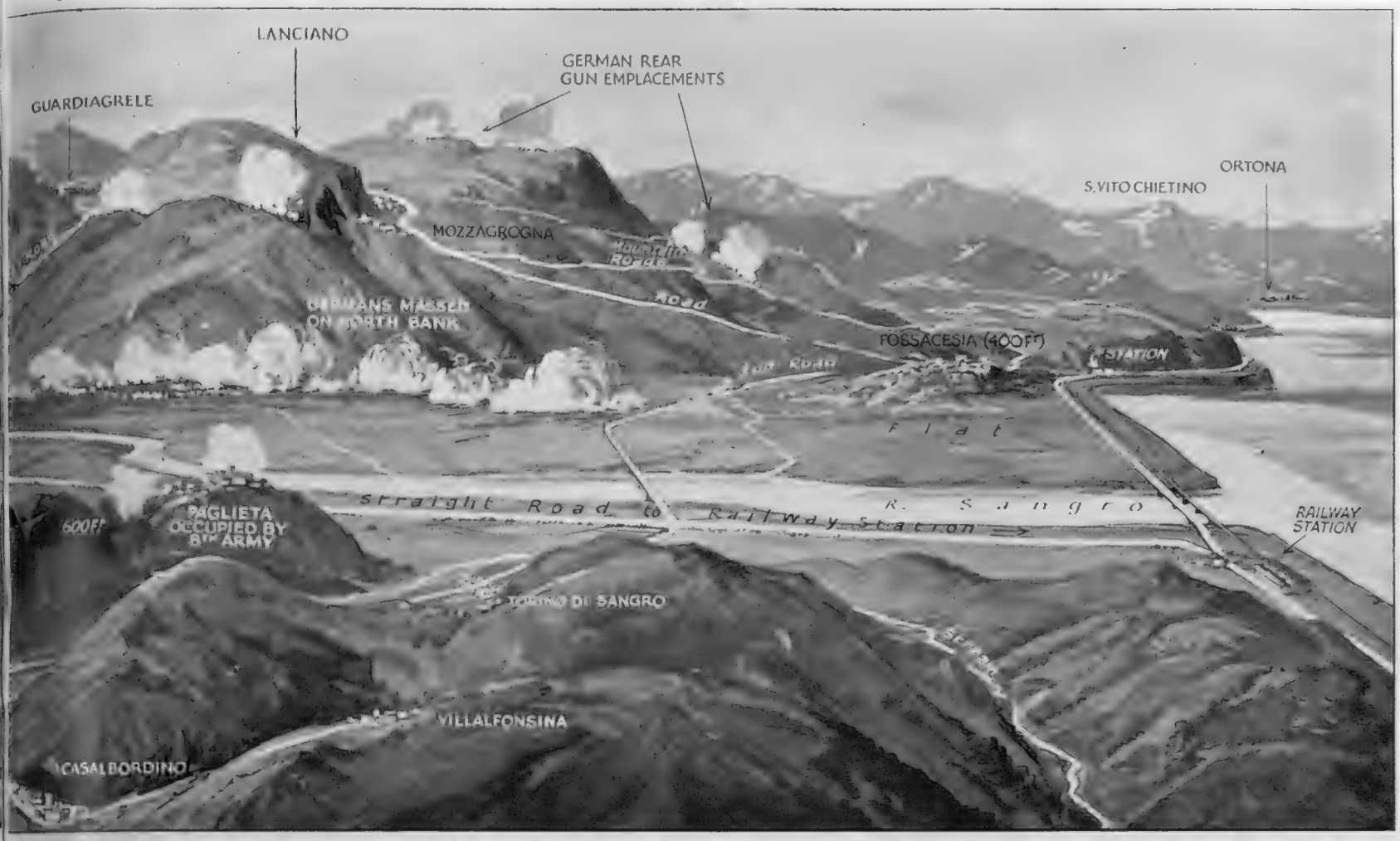
The strategy of General Alexander from the beginning at El Alamein has, above all, been of the "broad front" or cautious character. Where he has passed, no German has ever remained. Territory once conquered by him has been territory conquered for once and all. So it was decided always to mark time on the left wing while the right wing and the centre came up: a gruelling job for those men in the mountains, a disappointing spectacle for eager observers at home, but admittedly a sure and certain method.

Our men have certainly not chosen the best road to Rome in terms of comfortable going. Admittedly, there is a fairly good lateral road to the capital from Pescara once the Eighth Army reaches that Adriatic port. Where it crosses the central Apennines or Abruzzi, between Manoppello and Pescina, however, it is likely to be snowbound any time now.

As for the central, or lineal roads, forking into two rugged highways at Castel di Sangro, an ancient town on the right of the wide and

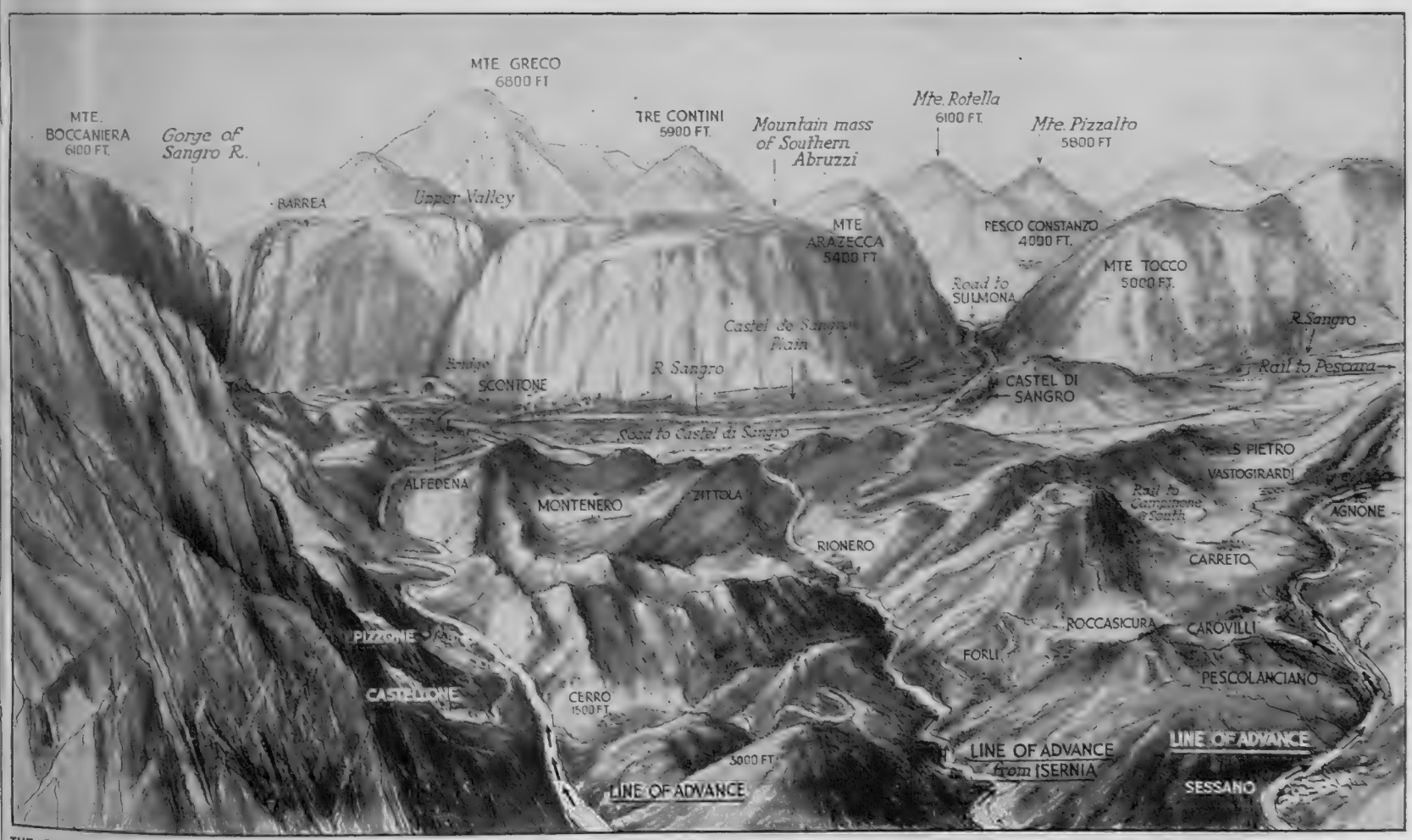


THE "OPEN" ROAD TO ROME. The road from Vairano to Frascati, on the west side of Italy, is more or less open, with no great hill-masses barring the way. The distance is some 90 miles, and the road avoids the now-flooded Pontine Marshes (See notes at left)



THE ADVANCE TO THE RIVER SANGRO AT THE EXTREME RIGHT OF THE LINE ACROSS ITALY: The position along the south bank as the Eighth Army faced the Germans. Note the long, straight road which runs parallel to the Sangro on the British side—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

After the successful crossing of the Trigno and the capture of Vasto on its hill overlooking the Adriatic, the Eighth Army pressed on over the intervening ridges and the small River Sinello, occupying Casalbordino and the high-pitched Paglieta, which commands the lateral road running parallel with the right bank of the Sangro from the railway station to Altino, opposite Casoli, where it turns sharply N.W. Higher points in the hills were occupied—Scerni (800 ft.) and Gissi, above the Vasto Road. Casalbordino was regarded as a central pivot of the attack. The going has not been easy. The Eighth Army had to fight its way from one strong-point to another, mostly in driving rain, with one clear interlude which enabled more rapid progress to be made. Difficult as weather conditions were, and in spite of the absence of useful roads, various columns made steady progress. Gun positions were obtained which overlooked the long, narrow plain stretching from the shore railway S.W. to Altina. Internal roads leading north-west do not seem to exist.



THE EIGHTH ARMY ON THE EAST SIDE OF ITALY FACES THE MOUNTAIN BASTIONS OF THE SOUTHERN ABRUZZI. The routes from Isernia in this region have brought the troops up against peaks towering 5,000 to 7,000 ft. in the Castel de Sangro area—*Drawing by Percy Home*

After the capture of the old walled town of Isernia, at the western end of the Matese massif, the Allies were faced with an awkward road problem. The main roads so much desired by transport officers led northwards through a tangle of lesser hills up to the great mountain bastions of the South Abruzzi. Those immediately facing the troops which had entered Isernia were grouped around and behind Castel di Sangro, a picturesquely placed town on the right bank of the river. The upper half of the town climbs up an isolated hill on which the old castle is situated. The main road into the Sulmona Valley crosses the Sangro in front of the town. Huge mountain masses rise on each side of this valley road, which leads into a mountain area notorious for heavy snowfalls and severe cold. To the left of Castel di Sangro is one of the rare plains to be met with in this area. It measures 6 miles in length by 2 miles in breadth. Above the plain rises a sheer mountain mass, capped itself by Monte Greco. Above Scontone there is a high valley, at the edge of which is the little town of Barrea, which overlooks the gorge of the Sangro. Below, facing Scontone across the river is Alfedena, a point to which the Allies are forcing their way Villages have been captured on both the roads leading towards the Sangro, and also up the Vasto road towards Agnone.

FOR THE FIRST TIME, TANK MEETS TANK IN OPEN BATTLE IN ITALY. THE "OLD" against the German 16th Panzer

The BATTLE for SAN SALVO

The First Real Tank Battle between the Eighth Army and the Germans in Italy

—A Special Sphere Reconstruction of the Scene

AFTER they had crossed the River Trigno, on the east side of Italy, General Montgomery's forces came up against determined enemy resistance as they moved forward to take the small town of San Salvo about three miles beyond the river. They met with fierce opposition, greater than anything they had encountered on their progress up the coast, except for the counter-attacks at Termoli after that town and harbour had been captured by our airborne troops.

It was on October 24 that the first bridgehead was made across the Trigno, at a place some eight miles from the sea. After crossing the river the Eighth Army found themselves in open country, with high mountains on their left, a wide downland on their right, rising to hills nearer the coast. From their positions in the hills the enemy had trained guns upon the bridgeheads; but, in spite of the danger, the engineers succeeded in building bridges, and the greater part of the river was crossed by November 2. At one time the enemy counter-attacked with such strength that Montgomery's men had to give way; but they were never driven back across the river. The Germans were fighting with greater intensity than ever before. Evidently they had been ordered to hold the country round Vasto, and not to carry out their usual tactics of retiring, leaving only a rearguard to cover the retreat.

FASHIONED" CONFLICT WHICH TOOK PLACE IN FRONT OF VASTO AND SAN SALVO, ON THE ADRIATIC COAST, as tanks of the Eighth Army went into action Division after the British troops had made the crossing of the River Trigno—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

As the Eighth marched towards San Salvo they were faced by rough open land, with the small towns of San Salvo and Cupello among the hills near the coast. Cupello lay to the north on the road from Vasto to Castiglione; while San Salvo, a straggling village, was situated near the railway which runs close to the coast. Two British destroyers, the *Queenborough* and the *Raider*, came up to support the Allied attack by bombarding the enemy positions north of the town.

British artillery opened fire on Cupello and on the hill near San Salvo as the infantry marched forward. Great clouds of smoke rose as the guns roared and mortar shells burst. The Germans threw in the 16th Panzer Division, and then scores of tanks met in a fierce battle—the first real tank battle yet fought in Italy. Though the bridgeheads were by this time well established, the British had not mustered a great array of tanks, so that the Germans had a considerable superiority. The battle continued all through the night of November 3. But by advancing through the woods around San Salvo the British had cut off the Germans from their position at the station. When morning came, the struggle ended, the last Nazi nests of machine-guns were destroyed, and the gunners killed or captured: the remaining Mark IV. tanks were all disabled or driven off. Once forced out of San Salvo the Germans made no stand at Vasto, which was entered the following day. After a sharp fight at Cupello, in which tanks were again used, the enemy fell back towards the Sangro River.

In the drawing by Mr. Osmond above, San Salvo is seen on the left, with its screening wood in front. To the left of the centre is the town of Cupello on the Vasto-Castiglione road; on the rounded hill summit to the right is the town of Vasto. The main tank battle took place in the open plain at the base of the circle of hills.

GERMAN TACTICS IN THE HILL COUNTRY OF CENTRAL ITALY, AND HOW THEY HAVE BEEN COUNTERED BY THE ALLIED AIR FORCES. The Germans have been holding on to the reverse slopes of the hills, thus forcing our men to attack over open ground and up the slopes: as they charge forward, the Germans have been lobbing over deadly mortar shells. Allied aircraft (in this case, American Marauders) have been taking a hand, however, bombing and machine-gunning the Germans whilst carrying out these tactics in the manner shown above—

Drawing by Roland Davies

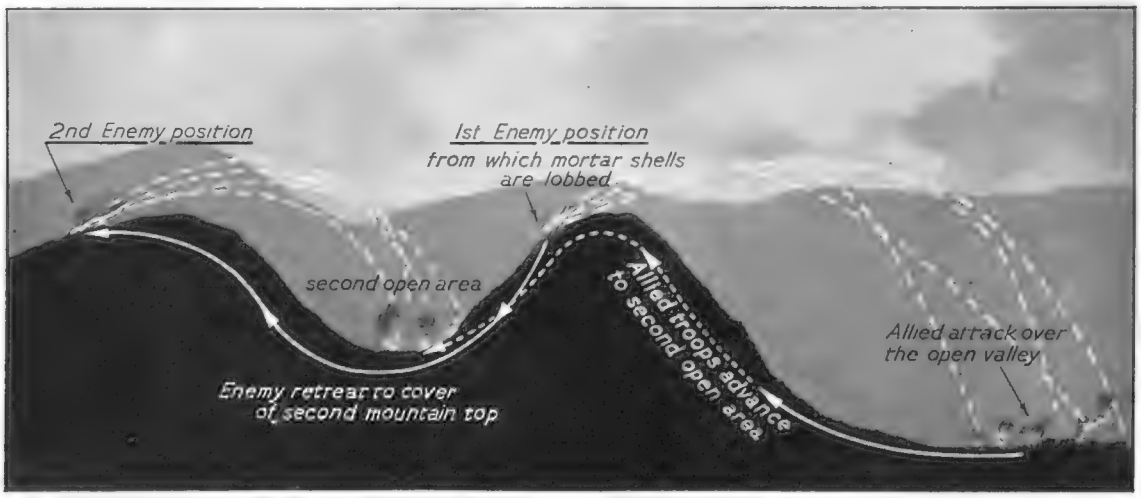
HEAVY FIGHTING UP in the HILLS

The German Resistance amongst the Mountains, and the Mortar-fire Tactics They have Adopted

—Special Sphere Drawings

For a considerable period now, the policy of the Germans among the hills and mountain slopes of the Apennines has been to delay the British advance step by step. The terrain of the country over which fighting has been taking place has lent itself to these delaying tactics. In district after district, small enclosed plains are met with: sometimes they are entirely surrounded by considerable hills. The enemy have been in the habit of digging themselves in on the reverse slopes forming the frontal positions: here they have awaited the Allied attack which, by reason of the nature of the ground, has had to be made over open country, with roads or streams or other natural features on which the German mortar batteries have been enabled to range. The attackers have had to scramble up the stony hills with but little wooded cover and in the face of a hail of mortar shells lobbed over the hill-tops—sometimes after a preliminary barrage by artillery. This has meant a hot time for the attackers When the crest has been reached, as often as not the Germans have quitted the first position and taken up another on the next line of hills.

To overcome such tactics, the British and American Air Forces have been taking a hand, in the manner indicated in the drawing at the top of this page. Whenever an attack has been imminent, and whenever the weather has permitted, the bombers have flown over, at low level above the hill-tops, and bombarded and machine-gunned the Germans in their prepared positions below the summit. In this way they have been able to reach the enemy in a manner not possible for the Allied infantry in front of the hill. Some of the sorties carried out by our airmen have been made under conditions which have been far from ideal, with heavy mists sweeping down from the summits and obscuring much of the country beneath.



THE ENEMY'S DELAYING TACTICS AMID THE APENNINES: An explanation of how the Germans are operating in the larger drawing at the top of this page—on the reverse slope of the hill and lobbing their mortar shells over the summit as the Allied troops advance over open country and up the hill slope

Drawing on upper right—The Garigliano River, which separates the Fifth Army from the enemy strongly posted on the opposite banks and on the slopes of the Aurunci Mountains, is well known in history for its strategic importance. It is a sluggish stream, now swollen with winter rains, and has presented a more difficult problem even than the Volturno. Beyond the river (and beyond the view shown in the drawing) the mountains come down to the shores of the Mediterranean. It is here that the Mount Massico range terminates; and it is also here that there are two ruined old castles. One (a portion of which is shown in the very foreground of the drawing) stands 1,000 ft. up, and overlooks the Gulf of Gaeta and the whole of the Volturno Plain to the south. The other stands three miles farther north, alongside the narrow coastal pass. The first was captured by British infantrymen in the early stages of the attack: the other was still occupied by German machine-gunners. It was the job of the infantry to rout out those gunners; and it was the Germans' urgent task to hold on. Because, if the second castle fell, the whole of the Massico position would have been finally turned and the Garigliano Plain beyond opened. When this picture was made, the Divisional General was witnessing the scene from the castle as his artillery were opening up on concentrations of German transport which had been espied from an observation aircraft behind the near ridge.

On right—The drawing reproduced here shows how Sergeant George Jarrett, of the R.E.s, and the group of sappers under his charge, carried out their orders during the Teano attacks of the Fifth Army. Whilst at work on an emergency bridge, the Germans opened up on the men with mortar fire from behind rising ground some 400 yards away. After fifty shells had come over, killing six sappers, Sergeant Jarrett got his men down for a short rest—only to resume work again soon after. The German mortar gunners were within earshot of the working party and were pumping over their shells whenever they heard movement. This one-sided, devastating activity was kept up throughout the night, and was responsible for many more casualties. When the infantry had gone forward and cleared out the German mortar nest, the bridge was completed.

ANOTHER STAGE ON THE ROAD TO ROME: The Fifth Army crosses the Garigliano River at the seaward end of the Massico Ridge, on the west side of Italy. The town of Minturno lies to the extreme left: on the right is Monte Meta: in the foreground is the flooded marshy country through which the river flows—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker* (see notes at left)

SAPPERS AT WORK UNDER FIRE: Repairing a bridge and road in a forward area which the Germans were bombarding with mortar shells. This bridge was a vital need in one sector of the Fifth Army front, for attacks which swept on into the hills near Teano: despite the casualties involved, the bridge was built to time and the Army went forward—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker* (see notes at left)

A SCENE AT A FIGHTER STATION JUST BEFORE A DAYLIGHT RAID OVER GERMANY: Lightning pilots put on heavy clothing as they prepare for an operational flight which will take them into the sub-stratosphere and to temperatures of below 40 degrees below zero. The Lightning is the twin-tailed fighter aircraft now operating over the European Continent with the bombers of the U.S. Eighth Air Force, for which it provides escorts during their daylight sorties. It is a long-range, high-altitude aircraft which is now fitted with auxiliary petrol-tanks for even longer range. In recent flights the Lightning pilots have shot numbers of German fighters out of the sky

ONE OF THE NEW AMERICAN TORPEDO-BOMBERS AT WORK: The torpedo just released is a 2,000-lb. missile; the aircraft is an Avenger of the U.S. Navy. The picture shows it with bomb doors still open. Two gunners fly in the crew of three: one fires from a "bubble turret" behind the pilot, and the other from a "stinger gun" in the belly aft of the bomb bay. The maximum speed of the Avenger (which is operated from a carrier) is 270 m.p.h.: to the Fleet Air Arm it is known as a Tarpon

HOW THE MEN WHO FIGHT AT NIGHT ARE TRAINED: Bomb-aimers and air gunners of Bomber Command are being taught to look at the world through black-tinted glasses. Keen night vision is not accidentally acquired; at special Training Schools the "cat's-eye" sight of bomber crews can be developed to show an improvement of 25 and sometimes 40 per cent. There are a number of very ingenious appliances at the School, and instructors can produce all conditions of darkness, from twilight and bright moonlight to the blackest night and thickest ground-haze. One of the most popular items in the curriculum is playing hockey or football in dark goggles

THE BOMBER OFFENSIVE BY DAY AND BY NIGHT

ON ITS WAY FOR STILL ANOTHER TRIP OVER GERMANY: "R for Robert," a Halifax bomber, becomes airborne as it sets out to carry on with the task of wiping out German centres of industrial production. The Halifax, four-engined aircraft with a normal crew of seven, has been in the forefront of our air onslaught: its range and bomb-load are very considerable, and its speed more than adequate for night-bombing expeditions

THE FRONT GUN-TURRET OF A HALIFAX. In the extreme nose of the aircraft, behind sheets of optical glass, sit the front gunner and bomb-aimer. All the crew positions in this aircraft are armoured. The girl working in the turret in the picture above was a dancer before the war

WRITING IN THE SKY DURING AN AIR BATTLE OVER GERMANY. These ghost-like trails have been seen a lot recently over enemy territory in Europe: they almost tell their own story of how the battle is going to spectators on the ground. When operating at great heights, the four-engined Flying Fortresses leave behind them a four-plumed wake. Their trails can easily be distinguished from those of the single-engined enemy fighters which have swooped into the attack of the compact American formations. The Germans usually try to get above the bombers and then dive down on them, in this way trying to minimise the effect of the terrific and concentrated fire-power of the twelve or thirteen guns with which each Flying Fortress is now equipped

A BRITISH RESCUE TUG'S STRUGGLE TO SAVE A CRIPPLED MERCHANT SHIP OFF THE COAST OF PORTUGAL. The "Empire Samson" finds that her tow, the "Brutus," is almost unmanageable in the wild weather and yawing wildly. Nevertheless, the damaged ship was finally saved and made Lisbon Harbour, after salvage efforts which lasted for three days and four nights—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell.* (*See notes below*)

SALVING A MERCHANTMAN

—And Other Naval Incidents from the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans

With Some Further Light on the New-Type Landing-Craft Used by the Allies in Italy

In a recent Mediterranean Fleet Order of the Day, the Commander-in-Chief recorded his "appreciation of the devotion to duty and resourcefulness of Lieut. Alfred Sidney Pike, R.N.R., and of the officers and crew of H.M. Rescue Tug *Empire Samson*."

Here is the story of the Rescue Tug's struggle, lasting over three days and four nights, to save a merchant ship which had been severely damaged by enemy aircraft. The *Empire Samson* was on her way to Gibraltar with a convoy. She was a new ship, having only been in commission for a month. When well out to sea off the coast of Portugal, the convoy was attacked by enemy aircraft, and one of the merchant ships was hit and set on fire. She sank ten minutes later and, steaming full speed to the spot, the *Empire Samson* rescued eight survivors from a raft, the others being picked up by two corvettes. Twenty minutes later another ship, the *Brutus*, was badly damaged by a near miss, and the pumps were put out of action.

The commanding officer of the *Empire Samson* decided to try towing the damaged ship to Lisbon, a distance of about 230 miles. Going alongside, he embarked twenty of the merchant ship's crew for safety, with some extra provisions and about three tons of coal. By ten o'clock that night the damaged ship was in tow. Course was shaped for the Tagus, with a corvette as escort. All the ships were rolling, with a fresh north-westerly breeze and a moderate sea and swell.

The following afternoon, the master of the *Brutus* reported that his decks and bulkheads were starting to buckle and the ship gradually sinking by the stern. She was already drawing about 36 ft. Accordingly, the corvette went alongside and took off the rest of the crew. That night the weather got worse and by next morning the tow was almost unmanageable and yawing wildly. They were making good about 2 knots. By 9 a.m. the tug had only twenty-four hours' coal left, which meant the *Empire Samson* could not make Lisbon with the ship in tow. Lieutenant Pike first thought of going to Lisbon for fuel and then returning. But on shortening-in the towing hawser he saw that the damaged ship provided a tolerably good lee, which would make it possible for him to transfer some of the coal in the damaged merchant ship to the rescue tug.

Soon afterwards the *Brutus* was again in tow, with no one on board. It still blew from the north-west, with a sea and swell, but in spite of the heavy rolling and pitching they made good about 4½ knots, easing down in the late afternoon of the next day, as it was inadvisable to close the land during darkness. At 5.30 next morning the crew of the *Brutus* were returned to their ship, and an hour later the corvette parted company as they were entering territorial waters. By 9 a.m. the damaged ship was safely handed over to four tugs.

THE CRAFT THAT HAS MADE ARMOURED INVASION POSSIBLE. *On left*—A Mark I type landing-craft approaches the shore. *On right*—the front part of the vessel hinges downwards with special mechanism to form a pathway for the tanks and vehicles on board

HOW THE TANKS COME ASHORE, over the ramp lowered from within the ship

THE BALLOON BARRAGE which protects the landing forces during disembarkation on a hostile shore

At Salerno, the new-type landing-craft illustrated above made its first appearance. This is a huge vessel, specially constructed to perform special tasks: three of the pictures above show how it operates. Coming right up to the beach, the shallow-draught ship drops its bow down on to the ground—by means of a special telescopic mechanism within. Immediately, the heavy vehicles on board come ashore, under their own power, ready for instant action against the enemy

THE BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "VICTORIOUS" CARRIES AMERICAN PLANES IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC WAR ZONE: Riding at anchor at her base, with her deck lined with fighters and torpedo bombers of the U.S. Navy, during operations against the Japs

This veteran of the war in almost every sea has operated with the U.S. Pacific Fleet for several months now, taking part in offensive sweeps against the enemy in the Coral Sea, south-west and mid-west Pacific Ocean areas. While American flying crews operated from the *Victorious*, her own flying personnel were based aboard an American carrier—an interesting "exchange" which was effected without hitch because of the similarity in carrier operations of the two Navies. H.M.S. *Victorious*, a vessel of 23,000 tons, was only launched in September 1939 and was completed in 1940. She has a speed of 31 knots, carries a complement of 1,600, and is armed with sixteen 4·5-in. guns

A BATTLE TO THE DEATH IN THE ATLANTIC BETWEEN AN AMERICAN DESTROYER AND A MONSTER GERMAN U-BOAT. The "Borie," a vessel of 1,190 tons, rams the submarine, and the two crews then fight it out on the decks whilst locked together.—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The U.S. destroyer *Borie*, ace U-boat killer, was recently lost in the Atlantic after a battle to the death with a U-boat pack in which her crew fought almost hand-to-hand with the crew of a submarine. The *Borie* was part of a "Task Force": she had depth-charged and sunk one submarine when she encountered a second. This she promptly rammed, and became wedged in the wreckage. Then one of the strangest battles of the war began: the German crew attempted to fire their guns, while the American sailors shot and threw everything at the U-boat. One U.S. officer knocked several German sailors overboard by throwing empty shell-cases at them; another sailor hurled a knife; whilst the destroyer's guns fired point-blank at ranges between ten and forty feet. Eventually, the U-boat ripped loose from the destroyer, which chased it in a circle for some time before it sank. Then the *Borie* tried to rejoin her task force; but the ramming had holed her under the water, and although she rejoined her fleet, she had to be abandoned and sunk

THE ROAD TO RUSSIA

And the Goods from Britain which Have Passed Over It by Way of the Persian Gulf Ports

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

SUPPLIES FOR RUSSIA VIA THE PERSIAN GULF AND TRANS-IRANIAN RAILWAY. Vehicles of a convoy on the eight-day journey northwards loaded with Allied munitions of war. The supplies have gone via Bandar Shahpur, on the Persian Gulf, and the Trans-Iranian Railway: transported across salt marsh and desert to Ahwaz, road and rail convoys then join the flow proceeding up-river from Jharramshah and Bushire, all thence continuing into Russia

ONLY Stalin knows how much the spectacular progress of the Russian armies has been dependent on British and American supplies reaching him via his northern ports and, more safely, through Persia. Thousands of tons of material are sent each month over the latter route from the Persian Gulf. The organisation of the road transport system over which these goods are carried was entrusted, under the direction of the military authorities, to the care of the United Kingdom Commercial Corporation, which operates throughout the Middle East and in many other parts of the world.

U.K.C.C. was originally founded in April 1940 to counter German economic penetration in the Balkans and South-Eastern Europe. For some years German industrialists had co-operated with Reich banks in a common trading policy in which credit terms were modified and complicated barter transactions to suit individual markets were inaugurated—with the deliberate effect of making these countries dependent on Germany both for imports and exports. So it was that on April 4, 1940, Sir John Simon, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, made the following announcement in the House of Commons: "His Majesty's Government have come to the conclusion that, as a contribution to meeting the difficulties attending the development of United Kingdom trade with certain neutral countries, it is desirable that a special trading company should be formed. . . . The company will carry out its work as a commercial and independent entity subject to general consultation with His Majesty's Government on the broad lines of its policy. It is intended not that the company should supplant existing channels of trade, but, on the contrary, that it should make use of them to the fullest possible extent."

The Corporation was duly registered as a private company under the Companies Act, 1929, in which all the shares were owned by the Treasury, with Lord Swinton as chairman, and a number of brilliant industrialists released by their firms for the furtherance of the war effort. When Lord Swinton became Resident Minister in West Africa in 1942, Sir Francis Joseph, Bt., replaced him as acting chairman.

The early stages were full of disappointment. The Axis infiltration of Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria, and the invasion of Yugoslavia and Greece, rapidly curtailed its activities, and in a few months only Turkey remained of the six countries in which it had been intended to trade. Even the Anglo-Turkish trade virtually ceased when the Mediterranean was closed, and though a U.K.C.C. agent reached Istambul the day after Italy entered the war, he found the Turks ready enough to sell, but unwilling to accept payment in sterling, as they could not use the sterling bills. So the U.K.C.C. set to work and found enough goods to fill four ships and, the required tonnage having been secured, trade with Turkey began again and has continued ever since.

Since then the activities of the U.K.C.C. have assumed a much wider scope. As agent of the Middle East Supply Centre for its commercial transactions, it has negotiated the purchase of supplies required by fifteen countries and territories, from Malta to Aden. It has also been busy in Spain and Portugal, not to mention North Africa. Its most important job, however, has been to send non-military supplies of all sorts to Russia.

But it is by no means a mere distributing agency. It has to purchase goods, or even to have them manufactured if necessary, before seeing that they are delivered to the correct address. Hides, for example, are imported from East Africa and the Sudan, together with tanning materials from Turkey, to supply leather factories in Persia which are working on boots for the Red Army. (All rather like "The House that Jack Built.") Contracts are being placed in Palestine for water-bottles for the Turkish Army, hospital tents for Russia, ropes for the Sudan railways and matches and glycerine for the Cyprus Government.

There should soon be many more sardines in this country, for the U.K.C.C., on behalf of the Ministry of Food and under the auspices of the North African Economic Board, has bought 50,000,000 tins of sardines from North Africa. The sardine industry there only began after the last war, when for some unknown reason the French sardines began to move from the Breton and Midi coasts to those of Morocco and Algeria. The war brought about the complete collapse of the industry, but, with the arrival of the Allies, the U.K.C.C. revived it with such success that this year's output should be even greater than that for 1938.

To detail the diverse goods which are being sent to Russia would fill pages. They include mobile electric stations, aluminium, tea, machine tools, zinc, and every kind of foodstuff, like wheat. The role of organising the supply to Russia of all her civilian requirements was allotted to the U.K.C.C. within a fortnight of Hitler's invasion of the Soviet. And for this purpose, the U.K.C.C. worked (and works) under the interested departments and in close touch with the Soviet Trade Delegation in London. In assuming this responsibility, the U.K.C.C. undertook a mission involving almost insuperable difficulties. The few roads in Persia

AN AMERICAN RED CROSS "TRAINMOBILE" CHEERS U.S. TROOPS ALONG THE LONELY IRAN SUPPLY ROUTE: One of the newest American Red Cross services to U.S. forces overseas is a "Trainmobile," which is now in operation on the vital supply route across Iran by which tons of Lend-Lease supplies are being sent to Russia. The "Trainmobile" stops at isolated stations along the desert route, bringing refreshments, books, games, magazines and newspapers to men who are serving in one of the most desolate posts in the entire war. The "Trainmobile" is shown here as it speeds across the Iranian Desert

TO FACILITATE THE TRANSPORT OF ALLIED SUPPLIES TO RUSSIA, representatives of the Inter-Allied Commission for Communication meet every week at Teheran to discuss ways of speeding up the transport arrangements. Here members of the Commission, including representatives from Britain, Persia and Russia, are seen outside the conference-room

EMERGENCY WHEAT SUPPLIES from the United States imported by the United Kingdom Commercial Corporation being unloaded at the port of Beyrout in June 1941, after the occupation by the British and French authorities, for the relief of the Syrian famine

were narrow, ill-graded and precipitous, with passes 9,000 ft. high. Normal traffic on the busiest of these roads was seldom more than fifty tons a day. Moreover, the climate is most unpleasant for long-distance heavy transport work at speed. In the summer, a temperature of 40 deg. Fah. at dawn may well reach 120 deg. Fah. in the shade by early afternoon, with the result that tyre punctures and concussion bursts occur with distressing frequency. In the winter, the temperature may drop to 90 deg. Fah. below freezing-point, with blizzards piling great masses of frozen snow in the passes. Add avalanches after thaws, and rain and flood damage in the spring, and you have put yourself only partially in the picture.

For there was also a serious shortage of suitable trucks, spare parts, tyres and lubricants, not to mention trained personnel. The U.K.C.C. agent in Teheran, however, collected all available staff and vehicles. He also secured supplies of petrol and lubricants from the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. Supplies of tyres on an adequate scale was another difficulty, the wear and tear on the Persian roads being particularly heavy. However, orders were immediately placed in the U.S. for a substantial number. Others were ordered from the United Kingdom. In the meantime, several were loaned by the British military authorities.

In addition, there was the Trans-Persian railroad link with the Persian Gulf port of Bandar Shahpur and the Caspian port of Bandar Shah, and with the road system of the Northern Plateau leading to the lofty passes of the Caucasus. This was a single-track line 1,000 miles long, climbing leisurely over 6,000-ft. passes and engineered for the light, peacetime traffic of a non-industrial community. Its rolling-stock, mainly German, was inadequate both in quality and quantity to meet the new demands, while port and warehousing facilities at both ends were undeveloped. To bring the problems of Russia's supplies from the study to the market-place in a few short months demanded miracles of improvisation, and though we are not yet sending the Russians all that we would like to, the land lines on the edge of the Persian Gulf are now organised to handle everything they can get. While American engineers are attending to the development of port facilities at Bandar Shahpur, British and Australian railways have vastly augmented the rolling-stock of the Trans-Persian Railway. Converted oil-burning locomotives of the leading British railways are handled by British personnel drawn from railway companies of the Royal Engineers. Additional loops, sidings, telephones, telegraph and a modern system of signalling have been installed. Water-supplies have been disposed at regular intervals, and the road-bed has been reinforced at ticklish spots in the mountains.

Nobody who knew Bushire in peacetime would recognise it to-day. A gigantic assembly plant for imported trucks has been erected, capable of handling all that arrive. Goods from five of the seven seas are brought to land, including aluminium, copper, zinc, wheat, wool, lead, jute, tanning materials, graphite, sisal, rubber, tin, hides and sugar. Bulkiest and most essential of all the cargoes are the lorries themselves—sturdy, six-wheeled 8-tonners from the U.S.A. As soon as these awkward parcels have been wriggled, humoured and generally persuaded ashore, they are assembled, tyred, fuelled, tested and made ready for the road. It is here that the Persian driver takes over. His origin may be Palestinian, Indian, Armenian or Iraqi. His lorry is a religion, and it is a point of honour for him never to leave it on the road. He is a born mechanic and, like all good lorry-drivers, an expert wangler. He knows, however, how difficult it is to hoodwink the U.K.C.C. officials, who good-naturedly humour his idiosyncrasies. They have driven similar loads over every inch of the road day and night in every condition of weather. They know all the tricks. They know, for example, that when bumpers touch rock on any one of the countless hairpin bends, there is exactly 6 ft. of clearance to back for a turn. They have sampled the passes in sub-zero weather, when the wooden spades of the road-cleaners make no visible impression even on driven snow. Nevertheless, a ceaseless stream of convoys is making the eight-day journey from Bushire to Bandar Shah at an average speed of 11 m.p.h. Each convoy consists of eighty lorries, extending three miles from head to tail (Marble Arch to the Bank).

The road to Russia is the most spectacular of the jobs of the United Kingdom Commercial Corporation, but, as has been shown, it is only one of many. It has shipped chrome from Turkey and turned it over to the United States, where it has also marketed certain prize cargoes which the Royal Navy have captured. Useful service has been performed in Spain and Portugal. The U.K.C.C. has bought Spanish oranges and Portuguese sardines for the Ministry of Food, and supplied those countries in return with wheat from the Argentine, cotton from Egypt, sugar from the West Indies and tinplate from England. When the Icelanders were short of fish-hooks after Denmark had been overrun, the U.K.C.C. arranged for their manufacture and transport, and then bought the surplus fish caught with them. It has recently supplied vast quantities of sheepskin coats for Russian workers—coats which otherwise would have been on sale in Bond Street and Oxford Street at *haute couture* prices. Time and again the U.K.C.C. has been able to purchase goods and goodwill simultaneously from neutral countries—purchases which have also deprived the enemy of the goods

HOW THE UNENDING FLOW OF TRAFFIC OVER THE PERSIAN MOUNTAINS WAS CONTROLLED BY BRITISH MILITARY POLICE—a convoy of Army vehicles coming down the Pa'yi'taq Pass. One of the many duties of British Military Policemen in Persia has been the control of traffic on the mountain roads over which supplies go to Russia. One of the most important of these is the road which goes over the Pa'yi'taq Pass, in Northern Persia. In wintertime, it is frequently blocked by snow, but men of the Royal Engineers, attached to the Corps of Military Police, have kept it open by means of snow-ploughs

INSIDE THE "CABOOSE" OF THE "TRAINMOBILE," two Red Cross workers cook their own meal—Miss St. Martin, of Baltimore (on left), and Miss Lillian Hackworth, of Seattle

AT BANDAR SHAHPUR, ON THE PERSIAN GULF: Cases of motor parts being unloaded on the wharf

ENGLISH ROLLING-STOCK ARRIVES IN PERSIA, part of the British effort to supply Russia with her vital war needs

A "FLAT" designed to carry heavy guns, tanks and other war material up to fifty tons arrives from England en route to Russia

A RUSSIAN OFFICER gives one of the newly arrived vehicles a final inspection before the north-bound convoy moves off

NEWS PICTURES FROM MANY AREAS AROUND THE BATTLE ZONES

THE GREAT FAMINE IN INDIA: A scene in the streets of Calcutta. Two women with their three children sit on the pavement with empty food-plates alongside them. The present famine is India's worst for some decades

STARVING INDIANS IN THE CALCUTTA STREETS. This family is only one amongst many victims in Bengal. The official death-roll is nearly 200 a day in Calcutta alone, and thousands more are collapsing in the rural areas

AFTER THE ALLIED CAPTURE OF LAE, Jap base on the north coast of New Guinea. This detailed aerial close-up view shows the vast damage done by the Allied Air Forces and Australian artillery before the Japs were finally blasted from this strategic spot. Note the wrecked barge and the water-filled craters surrounded by wrecked homes

H.M.S. "EXMOUTH" AS A DEPOT SHIP FOR MINESWEEPERS AND SUBMARINES: When the former *Exmouth* (established in 1876 and lent by the Admiralty for training boys for the sea) became unfit for further service, the present vessel of the same name was built to replace her in 1905. She was launched on April 20 of that year at Barrow-in-Furness: for many years thereafter she was a familiar sight to Londoners at her moorings in the Thames off Grays. To-day, under the White Ensign, she is doing a most important job as a minesweeper depot ship, looking after the welfare, recreation and training of their crews, as well as those of the Submarine Service. In the picture above, the submarine *Tuna* is seen lying alongside her

R.A.F. MAIL GOES HOME FOR CHRISTMAS. Thousands of mail-bags containing gifts for families and friends at home are already passing through the North African post offices. A cradle of mail-bags is here seen leaving the deck of a tender for loading on to a warship. Note the Italian prisoner in the foreground with circular patch of red cloth on the back of his shirt

AT LAE. The wreckage of scores of Jap aircraft. Twisted chunks of metal litter the borders of this landing-strip at the Japanese base, which was captured by General MacArthur's forces after very heavy fighting. The picture above, and that on the left, were taken shortly after the Japs were forced out on September 16. All the aircraft seen here were knocked out as the result of non-stop bombing and heavy artillery fire as the surrounding forces crept closer to their objective

YUGOSLAVS IN ITALY HELP THE ALLIES AGAINST THE GERMANS. Some of the fighting patriots who helped to navigate a Yugoslav ship across the Adriatic. These men wear a distinctive uniform of their own, blue in colour, with blue caps bearing the Star of Freedom

EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD KSENIJA KOVACIC, one of thirty-one wounded patriots on board the ship. She was shot whilst participating in an attack on a German fort in Yugoslavia

After the occupation of their country, many soldiers of the Yugoslav Army and many civilians were taken to Italy and made to do forced labour. Now many of them are helping the Allies to drive out their enemy. They volunteered enthusiastically and many offered to work for food alone without remuneration. Some of the Yugoslavs in Italy are patriots who escaped by sea from islands along the Dalmatian coast. Among these were many young girls in their teens. The Yugoslavs helped to navigate a ship through dangerous waters of the Adriatic, in spite of German dive-bombers. Thirty-one of the patriots were wounded and are being cared for in Italy

ENGLISH HELP FOR NORTH AFRICA—unloading seed potatoes at Algiers. A shipment of "Arran Pilot" seed potatoes from Scotland is here being unloaded in the port of Algiers, for distribution to growers within a radius of twenty-five miles of the city. According to Mr. William H. Gosschalk, representative of the British Ministry of Food, the shipment of four hundred and fifty long tons of potatoes arrived in prime condition

MADAME LUPESCU OF RUMANIA IN MEXICO. When King Carol went into exile after his abdication, he was accompanied by Madame Lupescu, his friend of very many years. This picture of her was taken in a garden in Mexico City, where she is now in residence. The ex-King has recently been trying to stage a "come-back," and has been reported to have engaged an American publicity agent at a high salary to carry out propaganda in the United States on his behalf

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

NEW NOVELS BY WELL-KNOWN WRITERS

Mrs. Angela Thirkell Revisits Barsetshire; A Tale of Wartime France; The Career of the Dowager Empress of China; Politics, Catholics and Protestants; The Centenary of a Great Publishing House

IT is no use attempting to analyse the art of Mrs. Angela Thirkell, or even to complain that she uses none. It might be said that, in one sense, she writes badly. The construction of many of her sentences is shaky; the rules of grammar exist apparently to be ignored; punctuation is haphazard. Nevertheless, by means unknown to stylists, Mrs. Thirkell contrives to write novel after novel, each of them readable, amusing, observant and very gently satirical.

GROWING UP (Hamish Hamilton. 9s.) is no exception. The mood is still the same, and the setting is still Barsetshire, with its villages of Worsted and Winter Overcotes. Many of the characters are the same, too, as in previous novels, and even the new introductions, if not actually cousins and aunts of the characters we know, seem equally familiar.

One of the forms of life that Mrs. Thirkell describes better than any other is that of the nursery. I wish I had space to quote one of the idyllic scenes of this kind—a perfect little "interior." Here, however, is a piece of baby-observation that should not be missed:

"Nurse brought the bottle wrapped in a piece of white flannel to Lydia. At the sight of it the baby, which had been lying on Lydia's arms, its blue eyes apparently seeing heavenly visions, its small features composed in seraphic peace, suddenly went bright-red in the face. Its whole body stiffened, its mouth opened wide and became quite square, dry shrieks of rage proceeded from its little throat, and its whole being became rigid with baffled gluttony and milk-lust.

"'Greedy little beast,' said Aunt Lydia, and shoved the teat of the bottle into the baby's mouth. At first the baby was so transported with wrath that it shrieked more loudly than before, but after a while nature asserted herself against imbecility, and with one great final heave and spasm of fury it suddenly became like a jelly smoother than the creamy curd, its vengeful limbs relaxed, and with long-shuddering breaths it began to suck its bottle, both hands clutching the beloved object and an angry suspicious eye roving the nursery against the possible approach of milk-thieves."

Later in the course of the book, a lady novelist of some fame, but no pretensions, agrees to give a lecture to a large group of convalescent soldiers on the one subject which she finds most intimidating: How I Write My Books. Her talk, which is less of a disquisition than a discussion with a number of friendly and articulate soldiers, is a great success, and contains such gems of co-operation as this:

"'Lady Waring said Matron said you'd like to know how I write my books. Well, I'm frightfully sorry, but I really haven't the faintest idea.'

"She paused dramatically.

"'Jew mean you go into a trance, sort of?' said George's friend, awestruck.

"'Not exactly,' said Mrs. Morland, 'though I often feel just as stupid as if I had.'

"'That's the reaction, Miss,' said George. 'I often go that way myself after one of the sergeant's talks about the Bren gun.'

"This allusion raised a loud laugh.

"'Well, I'll try to explain,' said Mrs. Morland, pushing all her hairpins well into her head by the simple method of banging her hat with both hands. 'You see, my publisher *will* make me write books.'

"She paused dramatically.

"George said to his friend it did seem a shame, a lady like her."

From which you will see, I hope, the kind of book that it is and the kind of gaiety which it induces.

It seems a pity that Mr. Peter de Polnay, whose *Death And To-morrow* was such a moving piece of work, should have wasted his first-hand knowledge of France in trying to revitalise a group of stock characters in his new novel.

WATER ON THE STEPS (Secker and Warburg. 9s. 6d.) shows a France after the Armistice, but before Pearl Harbour. The Reserve St. Louis is a luxury hotel on the Riviera, empty at that time save for a few personal friends and relatives of the proprietor, Le Goff, whose wife is English-born and whose nephew, Charles, has remained after the French collapse, as his wife is still in Paris. Charles succeeds in crossing the demarcation line and in bringing his wife back to unoccupied territory. Two British soldiers, escaped from a prison camp, have found refuge in the hotel, and another guest is an American princess who dislikes the thought of going back to the United States.

The situation of all these people is dramatically affected by the arrival of an Armenian "financier," who, with the help of some hoodlums from Marseilles, plans to rob a train carrying gold bullion. His plans go awry, his gang murders him, and Charles and his wife escape with the British soldiers on the boat which the gangster had hired to transport him and his booty.

It is, in fact, just that kind of a book which one would enjoy a great deal more if one had not from the beginning expected something truer to life, less melodramatic and therefore infinitely more exciting.

THE ROYAL FAMILY VISIT THE PALLADIUM TO SEE THE AMERICAN SHOW, "THIS IS THE ARMY." A few days ago, the King and Queen, with Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, saw the successful U.S. production put on in London by Mr. Irving Berlin, after its successful run in New York. The Royal Family were accompanied by Lady Louis Mountbatten (on left above) and by General Devers; later they received Mr. Berlin and saw many of the artists (all men in the U.S. forces) who take part in the show

There was once—and this traditional and legendary opening suits the tale—an obscure Chinese girl who, without money or other influence than her looks and wits, became one of the Emperor's concubines. Although he was incapable of producing an heir, she bought a newly-born child, claimed it as her own, and became the acknowledged mother of the Heir Apparent, thus becoming second in rank to the Empress herself.

A few years later she destroyed the Emperor by poison and became co-Regent with the Empress, although only twenty-six. When the young Emperor achieved administrative age, which would have meant her eclipse as the Regent, she arranged for his murder and forced the Council to elect her nephew, who was six years old. At the age of forty she began her second long regency with the insignificant Empress Dowager. When the latter became the tool of conspirators, she also was poisoned.

The old problem recurred when the new Emperor reached his majority, and she took her first step to his subjugation by marrying him to a spy. In the meantime, war encroached upon China, and it became evident that if the country was to be saved a vast programme of reform and modernisation must be initiated—reforms supported by the young Emperor in defiance of her. She arrested and imprisoned him, and, finally, feeling the hand of death upon her, she had him poisoned.

These events seem fantastic and far away, yet this is the life of the Dowager Empress of China, who died of old age in 1908. Her extraordinary career has been told in play form—and a brilliant play it is—by Mr. Maurice Collis, whose THE MOTHERLY AND AUSPICIOUS (Faber. 12s. 6d.) has just been published.

The theme of Taylor Caldwell's new long novel, THE ARM AND THE DARKNESS (Collins. 10s. 6d.), is the conflict between the Huguenots and the Catholics in the France of Cardinal Richelieu. Arsène, the story's reckless young hero, has joined a secret Huguenot society, only to find that the Cardinal knows of its existence. At this time the Protestant stronghold was the city of La Rochelle, and it is there that Arsène and his Cecile fly. Under the leadership of the Duchesse de Rohan, he and his fellow Protestants withstand the Cardinal's eighteen months' siege, at the end of which the Cardinal promises free pardon to the survivors. When the old Duchesse surrenders, Arsène and Cecile leave for a new life in America.

In reading this long novel of more than 500 pages, one finds the theme far more confused than this, and that plot and sub-plot cross and re-cross each other. The big detailed canvas is Miss Caldwell's manner, but in this case it is crowded almost to the limits of coherence. Cardinal Richelieu, whose character must always dominate any tale of his times, is represented as a liberal-minded man who desires the unity of Frenchmen above the triumph of Catholicism, though this aspect is often lost in the tangle of influences and intrigue with which he is surrounded.

Captain Roland Wild, a newspaper-man before the war, is now "an amateur soldier" at the head of a company of Yorkshiremen, and he has described his work in these terms: "It's easy. You only have to be financier storekeeper, accountant, lawyer, steward, judge, lecturer, bookkeeper, demonstrator, nursemaid, domestic adviser and clerk The rest of the day's your own."

His collection of notes from a diary kept intermittently over a year's training in this country has been published with that excellent phrase as a title THE REST OF THE DAY'S YOUR OWN (Robert Hale. 8s. 6d.) is entertaining, and, more than that, it is informative and has the authentic ring about it. Here you will find all the least regimented of Army types, from the touchy sergeant-major to the man who bit his comrade out of boredom, and from the romantic corporal to Jameson, who "wanted to get at them with his bare hands." Here you will see civilians being turned into soldiers, and learn to know and be amused by them.

One hundred years ago this month Macmillan's published their first book, and now, on their centenary, Mr. Charles Morgan has written THE HOUSE OF MACMILLAN (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.) to mark that date. He has written the story in broad outline, almost as if it were the story of a single personality developing through that century.

The history of this publishing house has been an impressive one. Kingley's *Westward Ho!*, the works of Matthew Arnold, Gladstone, John Morley (who was Macmillan's reader), Pater, Lewis Carroll, Henry James, Hardy, Kipling, Yeats—all these have been on their list. The loss of Shaw was among the errors, the acquisition of Tennyson among Alexander Macmillan's patient triumphs. A little more than ten years ago the present head of the firm said to George Moore, "My brother and I depend very much on what our grandfather did. I hope our successors will live by what we are doing now. A publishing house is a long-term business. It doesn't live from hand-to-mouth." A worthy thought!

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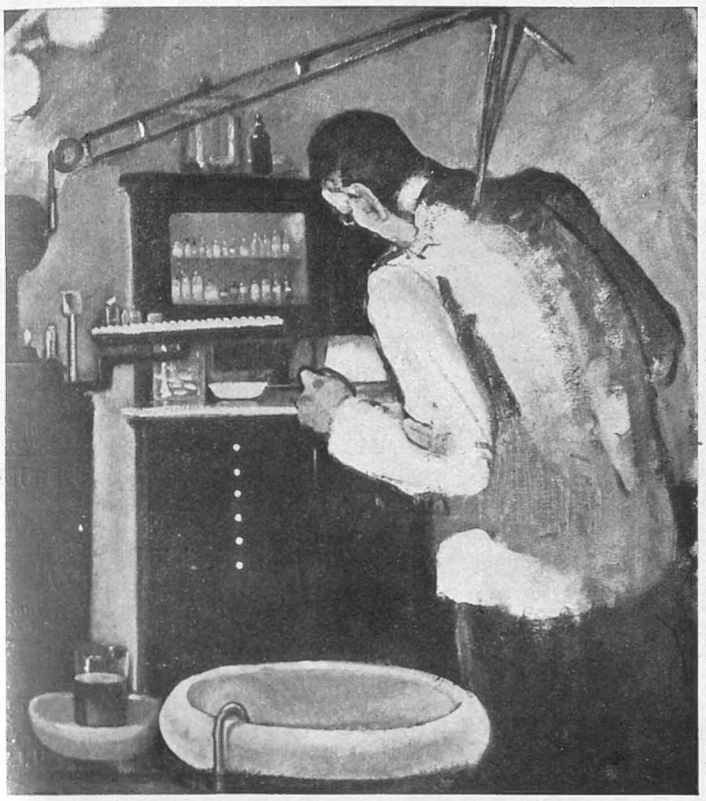

OF all the minor ills that the flesh is heir to few are more agonizing and depressing than toothache. Nowadays we realise the close bearing between teeth and health, and pay regular visits to our dentist. We may not look forward to these, but at least we have no grounds for the alarm which was excusable less than a century ago, when tooth-pulling was often the job of the local blacksmith ! Dental surgery has made great strides since then, but the advances in professional skill and technique have been enormously assisted by the work of the chemist and the chemical industry. Where would the dentist be without anæsthetics ? Gas — "laughing gas" — nitrous oxide — was first prepared nearly 170 years ago by Joseph Priestley, and its anæsthetic properties discovered in 1799 by another Englishman, Humphry Davy, who found that small doses stimulated his poetic muse ! The next big advance came in the use of cocaine as a local anæsthetic. It remained the standard method for a long time, but has today been superseded by a variety of new synthetic compounds discovered and built up by the chemist to be safer and more effective. The chemist has found powerful but harmless antiseptics for sterilising the mouth, as well as styptics for stopping bleeding. He has produced amalgams for stoppings and fillings. Most recently he has discovered and made available new acrylic resins for dental plates and dentures — far superior to the old types incorporating rubber in the form of vulcanite. Look around your dentist's surgery. It is the most eloquent witness to the essential part played by the research chemist and the British chemical industry in the care of the nation's teeth.

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